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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY C. T. L.

Unloved, alone—oh, sad indeed that lot, Where weary hours have graven on heart, The bitter consciousness that in Life's joys, And hopes, and happiness, it bears no part.

Heavy the footstep, though the years are few, White as in death the lips that breather

the moan, Ne one to love me, ch, that I could die. Pity me, God, I am unloved, alone."

Sunshine and radiance gladden other paths, Mine is with shadows thronged, dark as the night. Gayly and idly floats their "barque of life," Aimless and storm-tossed speeds my ves-sel's flight.

Perfume and song and light float on the

Music and flowers and grace, are round me thrown.

Beauty clings close to life, but not for me;
It mocks my pain. I am unloved, alone.

Oh ye whom Love, the fadeless and the Has cradled, guarded, shielded from all

Smoothing the path that else must thorny Cherish it well, not half its worth ye

If glances meet your own of changeless truth,
If lips of love breethe words in music's Pause in your happiness, and pray for those Whose destiny is still, unloved, alone.

If tender hands are placed upon your brow, If arms enfold to wile away all care, If hearts, the warm, the true, your welfare

guard, Blest is your lot, ch, hallow it by praye And if a voice dearer than all beside,

Murmurs careasingly the words "my own,"
Knrel and adore the giver of it all,
Whose mercy left you not unloved, alone

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE TIDE.

Three days had elapsed and Paul Ruther-ford was still Mr. Thorndike's guest. Busi-ness grew upon him, and every night left something to be undertaken on the morrow. The investments promised very fair. He had become guardian for the child of a friend, and just now there was a considerable amount of funds lying file, besides much of his own. But he was a wary man, and wanted to be quite sure before he risked

much.

Mrs. Thorndike had seen very little of him. Her husband took him off in the morning, and perhaps by accident they dropped in to lunch, and as dinner there was ped in to lunch, and at dinner there was always company. Half a dossn mea who were presidents or directors or secretagies, and who appeared to have the art of money making always at their tongue's end. They sat a long while at the table and then ad-journed to the library, where wine and cigars were served, and no women were needed to grace this festal board. Lucy Thoradike dressed herself with ex-quisite care every day. She did not desire

Lucy Thoradike dressed herself with exquisite care every day. She did not desire to attract anyone, but simply to please herself. At one time she made her hair a mass of silken waves; another, it was a coil of shining braids, with here and there a stray curl escaped from bands. There seemed to be no end to her diversity, and each new attempt rendered her levelier.

To Mr. Ratherford her patient grace was something remarkable. She had not looked ennuled since that first night. Indeed, he began to question new whether this had not been partly due to imagination. Btill, she had confessed that she was not happy! How could she be?

could she be?

For that she had fine feelings, rare sympathy, and a tender soul, he could not question. Each day he was drawn more closely toward her. Not in any sense of leve. The man was too essentially noble to have one thought derogatory to her or any woman. His was not a nature to love easily. He must respect and admire a long while before he could yield his soul, for with it, to him, went the larger part of liberty.

Unwrittingly he endorsed the verdict against her. She was peculiar. Sometimes as he

went the larger part of liberty.

Unwittingly be endorsed the verdict against her. She was peculiar. Sometimes as he watched her, for he had keen eyes and saw what passed around him without much effort, he really longed to rouse her soul and

A CONTRACTOR



PALACE OF AGRA, INDIA.

Agra was raised from a village to the rapk of a capital by the Emperor Akbar, one of that emperor's taste and magnificence.

But the most remarkable ornament of the Rereighed during all the latter part of the sixteenth century. The fort is large, and wendrous Taj Mahal—the temb raised by

direct it aright as the kindest of brothers

direct it aright as the kindest of brothers might have done, but prudence restrained him. Would it be for the best? Was wisdom such a boon? She was putting on her driving-gloves one afternoon, and her pony pheton stood at the door, when he sauntered up the walk. She certainly could not accuse him of looking ill, so she smiled is her radiant fashion, and said carelessly, "Where is Mr. Thorndike?"
"He west to Graysburg an hour ago. I

"Mere is Ar., I normalize:
"He went to Graysburg an hour ago. I was to tell you not to wait dinner for him, as he cannot be back before nine this even-"And you?" she continued, rather heat-

"And you " and obstatudes, installingly,
"O, do not disturb yourself about me,"
he answered in a obserful voice, "I thought I would give my brain rest for an hour or two, as it has been rather over-crowded of late. I shall do very well

See knew by that his intention was to re-main indoors; and thinking of what her husband had said in the beginning, she almost fancied that it was her duty to stay

And there w just the faintest tinge of disappointment in his face.

Then she remembered that she had start-

ed to take some word to Rachel, who asked a favor so seldom, that it would not be wise o neglect this one

"I wish you would go with me," she said earnestly.
"De you? Is it just a mere pleasure

drive?"

"We will drive for pleasure. Then I am going to make one call—on a lady."

There was a mischievous light playing about her eyes. He drew down his brows.

"My sister," she pursued. "You have not seen her, I think."

"No, though I have been in the habit of meeting vour (attendarly)."

"Weit, will you go?"
"Yes."

Something in his ready compliance rather siqued her. Did he fancy that her slater night be like her? she wondered. She came down the steps, and was handed in with grave courteousness. He took the

reins.

"But you must direct," he said.

"We will drive straight down the street,
first. It is the prettiest in Dedham, I think.
These touches of Autumn improve the land-

"But at what a cost !"

There was a strange and sudden gravity in his voice.
"Don't you like Autumn, then? I think

it glorious."

"It is that indeed, and yet it is so painfully suggestive of change. From the glowing ripeness, it is but a step to decay, "It is that indeed, and yet it is so painfully suggestive of change. From the glowing rapeness, it is but a step to decay, dreariness."
"And you feel this dreariness, you, a man, who can mould events to his liking?"
"Can I?"
He gave an odd, abrupt smile, and there was a far look in his eyes that puzzled her. "Perhaps you do not desire. You may be content."
"You are laughing at me;" for he was quick to detect the light irony of her tone.

"No, I am not lenghing at you. Look at this picture, Mr. Rutherford."

He glanced in the direction that her eyes indicated. A silvery river, winding round, and on the opposite shore the gradual slope of gray and purple hills, for to-day the sun was soft and hazy, and these were lying in the shade. Nearer there was an emerald tint broken by obtaters of late wild flowers, among which the golden rod was conspicuous. A lew, continuous obirp of crickete and insects throbbed in among the pulses of the siver that gave slow, rythmic beats.

He studied that for a moment, and them her face, which was soft and dreamy as the brooding air.

"It is very lovely."

The words were not much, but the tone was deep and heartfelt. She understood it so thoroughly. Here was the kind of man with whom life would be a perfect enjoyment. I believe she thought to herself a little adily that his wife would be a happy woman. Then she remembered that she knew absolutely nothing of his circum."

"Go your own gait," she said, snapping the said, snapping the said that the said there had, snapping the said and the said there had an incisive ring.

"I never was tanght to consider it respectable for married women to be gallanted here and there by strangers to be gallanted there and there by strangers to spectable for our gait," she said, snapping the continuous properties and there by strangers to spectable for our gait, "she said, snapping the said that the said the result and the result

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knew absolutely nothing of his cirenmstances.
She flushed and changed the tenor of the versation. He misnoderst od the effort,

conversation. He misindershood see circle, and attempted to set ber right. He was not insensible to the heauty of nature, to such exquisite coloring and harmony, "No," she said, "I should never fancy that you were. I know that your soul is

Then she lapsed into silence, and though he talked, he could not rouse her. Her eyes were fixed on the bit of road before

eyes were fixed on the bit of road before them, but her thoughts were upon him. Grave by mature and capable of suffering keenly, but with a deep, unwearying ten-derness for all others in the depths of pain or care. With such a guide one might grow pure and strong, come up to the grand heights of life.
"But it is quite impossible," she said in a But it is quite impossible," she said in a

dry, har I tone.
"What is?" and he looked up in amaze, startled by the sudden and incongruous out-"The subject that I have been consider-

In subject that I have been considering for the last five minutes."

He felt a trifle displeased.

"You forget." he said, "that I really knew nothing about your thoughts."

She gave a werd little laugh.

"If you were wise you could guess it from my face."

She turned toward him as she snoke. He

from my face."

She turned toward him as she spoke. He only saw the dazzling complexion, the deep eyes which were as mysterious as an unseen world, the soft tint of the cheeks and the sculptured features. If she had not known that she could baille him she would not have dared. There are some secure moment in all lives.

"Oh, I'm not so far on the high road to glan

"Oh, I'm not so the outline man defect destruction as you think;" and she gave a mocking laugh. "And I'm going to give a party. Will you come? It is to be on my party. Will birth-night.

birth-night."

"I never go to parties, as you well know,"
was the frigid answer. "But I have warned
you!"

"Yes, I never come here without a lecture!" Lucy returned botly. "But you are
an ungracious mentor, Rachel."

With that she led the way back to the
sitting-room, and signified to her attendant
in the most bewitching manner that she
was ready to depart. was ready to depart.

Rachei glanced after them. "I'll never utter another word if she becomes the town tter another word if she becomes the town ak," be said angrily to herself.

It did fret her to see Lucy revelling in the

luxuries of life in this careless manner.

And what was worse, Warren Thorndike looked on and smiled. They drove for some time in silence. Mr. Rutherford's face wore a perplexed ex-

pression.
"Shall I guess your thoughts?" she asked gayly.
"If you can."
"You are wondering at the difference between my sister and myself."
"Yes." He turned partly round, with an

air of interest that deepened into a smile. "We are sisters on my father's side only."
"I remarked her likeness to him."
He wanted to add that she was fortunate

in not possessing any more marked resem-"She finds a work to do in this world, and

I fancy dreads the old couplet about idle hands. But I believe the lilles of the field were not censured. "There is such a thing as ennobling labor,

ready to take shape of bird or bee; or of a zephyr to float on the edge of a rowy cloud, drenched with the inceuse of sweetest flowers."

Her eyes were dangerously luminous, and the scarlet lips seemed to thrub with in-ward passion, refined to a degree of subtle-ness.

"This Mr. Rutherford is staying at your thouse?" Raobel said.

"Yea. Warren went away this afternoon, and sent him home for me to entertain, so I thought I'd bring him to call upon you."

"And Warren approves of your riding round with any ploked-up acquaintance! What do you know of this man?"

"Nothing. My husband brought him to the house—that is sufficient for me."

Lucy Thoradike's eyes flashed, and her words had an inclive ring.

"I never was taught to consider it respectable for married women to be gallanted here and there by strangers!"

"Bachel Garth bit her thin lips and turned pale.

"Go your own gait," she said, anapping off her words. "Warren is blind and you are a weak, silly coquette. He will rue it some day!"

"Ob, I'm not so far on the high road to high souls, whose clear, steadfast eyes glanced over to the other shore where they were to be crowned victors, when their good fight had been made in this. They would always stand aloof—as this man had hours ago. She was not worth the helping hand the contraction of the contraction of the contraction.

ago. She was not worth the helping hand?
She ran up stairs presently, tore off her jewels, and dragged the flowers out of her hair. Oh, if she could go back, if she could leave Warren Thorndike unwedded! She had sold herself soul and body to the liberty and gold that looked so tempting. She know and sold berself soul and soly the how and gold that looked so tempting. She knew now that she did not love him, Lever had, and that life was a hideous mockery. So soon had she come to the knowledge that Mr. Rutherford would forever have hid-

Although it was late, she sat there at the window in the floods of perfumed moon-light, for the falling dew had rifled every abrub and tree of sweetness. Her husbe had gained his point and was coarsely good-humored, and then teo, she looked very lovely, so he kissed her in his rough ashion.
It seemed as if she could not endure it,

and she raised her hand to push him away. Every pulse of her body revolted at the

caress.

Then she remembered that she had become his wife of her own accord. In his fashion he loved her.

'You'll be moon-struck sitting here," he said with a laugh.

'And lose my wits? I sometimes think that I have lost them."

She shivered visibly.
"Come, it's too cold," and he closed the window. "Do you know how late it is. Rutherford's won at last, though he's a long headed fellow. And now what about your party? When do you want it? I saw some party? When do you want it? I saw some party? When do you want it? I saw some fellows to day that I'd like to ask."
"Warren," she said, solemnly, laying her

man, Mr. Rutherford."

She uttered the last simost sharply.

They stopped before the door. He fastened the horse and she gathered her flowing skirts as she picked her way daintily up the path.

Rachel received them with her usual-severe countenance. She had suaresty changed in the countenance of the state of the sta

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"Ruin!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Who, thinks of that? Why, it's my own money as well as his. Do you suppose I'd be faul enough to been my condegers!"

No, he was for correct, and hellowed what he said. And then shoe be would be a chaper in any line, the fait ang.

he sold. And then since be would he a shaper in any lices, the field sold.

"The miss is to be opened just as nown as matters can be brought into shape. It won's pay so ameningly the first year or two, but there's a fortune in it. We have the capital now, not one go on with a rush."

"Be careful!" she entreated.

"Oh, you women had better not bother your brains about such things. "Tend to your leces and ful-lots."

She was his wife! ""Till death do us

She was his wife! "'Till death do us part." With a faint, sickening sensation, lung Thornduke turned away and longed for freedom in the little room that she had non-despised.

The young feel keenly and suffer strongly, but they are susceptible to so many in-fluences. Circumstances bear so strongly upon us all. What might in solitude be-

apon us all. What might in solitude become a master passion, is weakened and
changed by the pressing cares of life.

The following morning, Lucy Thorndike
found herself a good deal interested in discassing the party. Her husband felt inclined to make a very splendid affair of it,
and asked her to write out a list of invitations and also the wors algests kinds of retions, and also the more elegant kinds of se-

hments. Two weeks from Tuesday—last night.

Don't forget a single thing."

They stood in the library, and he was waiting for Mr. Butherford to come down. She feit a trifle ashamed of her tempest of last night, and asked herself if she ought not be thankful that she had so generous and contract a husband!

indulgent a bushand!

"Warren, I took Mr. Rutherford out driv-ing, yesterday. He came in just as I was guing down to father's."

"I l'he wes sleers."

guing down to father a.

"That was clever."

"And Rachel said—that it did not look respectable for me to be driving round with strange men."

at her husband very car-

strange men."

Bhe glanced at her husband very earmestly, but no fine sentiment stole into his face.

"What did you say?"
Bhe repeated her defence.

"Good! You're a spunky little thing, and abe's a fussy old maid, according to the Kip training."

"He was your friend. I don't even know to this moment whether he is married or single."

or single."
"Oh, he's single—and it was uncommon kind for you to give Rachel a sight at him. He's a nice fellow, too. Bhe needn't free herself!"

That was all. A quick elastic trend came down the stairs, and Paul Butherford halted in the hall, a mobleman of nature's stamp, a fine pure soal. She tried not to contrast them. Indeed, she turned rather

contrast them. Indeed, she surned ranner coldly away from some remark he made.

Bhe was soun deeply engrossed in party arrangements. Her list of guests was made out, and then she bethought herself of the delicacies that might grace her

Yet she was startled when the two came in to lunch, to hear Mr. Butherford announce his departure.
"You'll be back in a fortnight, Rutherford! We're going to have a sort of blew-

Lucy winced a little at this inelegant an-

"We expect to entertain a little company on the evening of the twenty-third," she said, quietly. "We shall be most glad to

see you."
"Thank you. I have some business in Baltimors; but if it is possible I shall be happy to come."
Their good-byes were quietly said.
Lucy Thorndike fell into a dreamy m

afterward.

"It would be just as we'll if I never saw
him again," she thought. "He represents
a class and a type beyond my reach. To
awake to such a life and find myself chained
here, would be "madeane." here, would be-madness ["
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, BATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the came as those of that beautiful magazina, THE LADY'S PNISND—In order that the clu's may be made up of the paper and magazina compointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One compr (and a large Premium steel Experiment)—St.-601 Four copies (and one extra) 98-600 Kight copies (and one extra) 98-600 Kight and capture of the copies (and one extra) 98-600 Kight and present of the copies (and one extra) 98-600 Kight copies (and one edicol Five copies (and one main) Beauty in the copies (and one gratin) \$18.800. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADYS FRIKND, \$4.00. Brory person gretling up a club will receive the Francism Engraving in add tuon.

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Pob 5th this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capibers when required to the first of the year. and peace, was a necessity, if the mental upon the shield of the Republic,

DOSON.

Some people have each a passion for Unity—they are so well satisfied that what they believe in the Touth, and their modes of acting and living the only right modes that they would compel, if they could, everybody cles to believe and not and live procisely as they do.

In fact, the only idea of Liberty which soms of these people—and very good people they often are—seem to possess, is the Liberty of making every other person do

Now our object is the present article is to illustrate the folly of this, by showing the great benefits which result from Diver sity -D versity in Thought, Belief, Action, and modes of Life.

It may be said in the first place, that Diversity of Thought and Action is simply the result of the natural differences in the characters of men. Men are greated very unlike both in their physical and menta organisations. No two men can be found who are precisely similar. Even the children of the same parents will often differ very widely in the most important physical and mental respects. Now this continual tendency of Nature to unlikeness, would seem to prove conclusively that Diversity is what Nature, which is to be considered the will of God, is always aiming at. Not Diversity beyond certain limits, but Diversity within certain bounds—a Diversity in Unity All human beings made alike in one seu all greatly unlike in another.

As we have already said, every fabric of man that has in it the element of Durability, is built upon the eternal rook of Fact upon those great foundations of Natur which God has laid, and not man.

And so we should build the fabric of Free lom upon the great Pacts of Human Nature including the Pres Agency of Man. The individual man has a right to be what his Creator made him to be—and to be protect ed in the exercise of his Pree Agency—se that he may Believe, and Act, and Live ac cording to his own views of what is right and proper, and not be forced to conform to some other man's views. This, and nothing olee, is Freedom.

The very worst feature of Tyransy is always this, that it seeks to compress and force the Diversity of Nature into the mould of some one idea, belief, or mode of actio Thus it is with religious persecution, and legal and political persecution. The very numbers or authority on his side, endeavors to make B believe or do what he, A, thinks right.

Now the true idea of Freedom is, the allowing of men to expand and develope their powers according to their own nature and will. Authority not interfering except to prevent one from infringing upon the deelopment and the rights of another.

Take a certain man, and put him on the sterile soil of New England, and take another man, and put him upon the rich soil of some Southern state—one exposed to a low degree of cold, and another to a high average of heat-and let each live exposed thus to different influences, and their children after them for generations, and you will have ultimately two different kinds of men-men differing alike in their physical and mental conformations, and who will naturally develope different modes of thought, and embrace different styles of living.

And is there anything to be regretted in this? Nothing. It is what the Creater cvidently designed when He made men various, and soils and temperatures various. If He had not designed it, He could easily have made it otherwise. He could have made men alike as two monkeys or two peas -though not even two peas, much less two monkeys, were probably ever made precisely alike.

Diversity is valuable, because its result is nature the growth of vegetables and fruits and trees is the outcome of apparently conflicting forces as you must have rains to water the earth, and then the winds to dry the earth; light and darkness; heat and cold-so mental and spiritual life seems to need for its higher developments a great diversity of elements and forces.

The "glory that was Greece," is probably attributable to the fact that a superior race of mon was located in a land greatly diversified in its natural aspects - with mountains and valleys, and islands, and surrounding sea-while the population, though speaking mainly the same tongue, was split up into little, separate communities, generally independent of each other. This diversity in nature and government naturally tended to diverse views of the great problems of life. And the result of this diversity of view was a many-sided perception of the most profound philosophy.

If Greece had been a level plain-and her little states been moulded at the outet by arbitrary power into one great nation-it is not at all probable that Grecian art or

enforced upon all nations-Diversity being most complete the world ever saw. orushed beneath the mighty juggernaut of Imperial Unity-then was the further progress of the human mind rendered impos- our national growth is, DIVERSITY IN sible. The breaking to pieces of that mighty UNITY. And would that this mighty phrase, tal time to begin subscriptions to THE Empire, so that diverse modes of thought rather even than the expressive E Pluribus Post, although we can still supply back num- and life might again flourish in security Unum, were engraved as our national motte,

to recode with every century.

China affords an example of a nation that after making green progress, has remained stationary for hundreds of years. We have mot sufficient facts to werrant more than more gresses at the reason. But it is not jusprobable that the stagnation of China has ome from the same established unity of thought, belief and modes of living—a Unity enferced by a most potential system of public education, by public equition, and by governmental authority. The intellectual progress of China was probably made at a period when Diversity was toleratedwhen the precepts of Confucius, excellent as they are, had not become the positive law of the country, regulating the minutest details of life. This strict enforcement of Unity will probably be found to be the main

cause of the singularly torpid condition of the Chinese people.

Europe affords a wonderful instance of nental and material progress. On the remains of the Reman Empire, and as a result of the civilization of the various tribes of the barbarians, aprung up the many indepen-dent memarchise of Europe. Great wars and numerous evils have been the result of this division of Europe into independent nations. But another result has been a Diversity of Thought, of Belief, of Action, of Life, which has made of Europe what it now is the most cultivated and calightened region of the earth. We can imagine no greater calamity than the subjection of all hese nations to the iron rule of any one of them. If Europe were all French, it would scarcely be better in the end than to have it all Cossack. Diversity of Thought and Development would be crushed—and with the crushing of Diversity, another thousand

We are treating in a rapid editorial, what would almost sequire a volume for its satisfactory elucidation. But we hope these brief suggestions will be followed out in the minds of thoughtful readers.

rears of the Dark Ages would begin.

The question we have raised is a practical se an intensely practical one. We are now laying in this country the foundations f the Future. Shall we have a complex Diversity in Unity-or shall we have simply plain, simple, Democratic, iron Unity; which shall crush down all Diversity in Phonght, Action, and Modes of Life, by the mighty power of Public Opinion, the stern Rule of the Majority, and the bayonets of Pederal Law?

Oh, how rapidly our people are insisting upon "making History"—how recklessly they are rushing forward to mould immature thought inte enduring Forms-without even seeming to understand that there can be any question as to what is the best and risest thing to do.

And we have no statesmensingle great statesman-to hold in check a crowd of hungry politicians, who are not even ambitious in the high and noble sense -cormorants and bussards, not Eagles.

Europe has Diversity, organized into and protected by independent kingdoms, and she reaps the splendid results of it. If she would allow more Diversity, by allowing 'ree Thought and its consequences, in all of her kingdoms, she would witness still more spleudil results. But she has Diver sity in Discord-not in Unity. Hence frequent disputes, intrigues, and devastating

We have the Unity of a Federal System This protects us, if we are wise and prudent, from internal dissensions and foreign ene mics. Our danger is a Democratic Abso lutism-which shall crush down as an of ence all Diversity of Thought, Action and Life. Which shall make the views of Majority the enforced Political, Religious and Moral Creed of the whole country.

An eloquent and sincere, but somewhat mogeneous people—that he desired to see the of cormorants who better deserved a good whole country re-made after the pattern of kicking. New England. What narrowness, and what folly! Such a consummation is not possible, except at the sacrifice of all vitality in three-fourths of the Union. As well expect to grow cotton and rice and sugar on the stony fields of Massachusetts, as to raise New Englanders on the soil and in the climate of South Carolina. And better, far Palm, than to have a sickly growth of either in its natural form. A nation in which New to its soil and chimate, and special influences porter's account says:and circumstances. All unlike, but all bound together by a common tie in harmony and peace. Then out of these diverse forms and growths, harmoniously contend-Grecian philosophy would ever have existed, ing and vieing with each other, mind stri-When Rome became mistress of the world | ving with and against mind, shall emerge a and her modes of thought were sternly Civilization the grandest and noblest and

But out of Openess, Unity, Absolutism, comes no life. What we need for the law of THE PLEAS OF OFFICE.

Hon, William D. Kelley of this city, is recent letter to a number of his constituents, who had requested him to become fee the sixth time their conditate for Congress, comments with simple force and good sense upon the burden now laid upon members of Congress, "of finding places for all people of both sexes known to them." Mr. Kelley mays:-

"The practice of sending people to their Congressional Representative for employment has become so common as to be insufferable. To the fifty or more good-bearted people who, at their convenience, each write a note during the day, it is a matter of small concern; but to the unhappy being upon whom they concentrate the next day, and who, as has often been my case, would gladly find work for some worthy and suffering soldier whose case had come under his own observation, but known not where to look for it, it is a more serious matter; and the for it, it is a more serious matter; and the wrong is not lessened by the discovery that the bearer has been assured by the respectable writer that a note from the will certainly get him work and wag

out delay.

"To such an extent has this practice been carried recently that it precludes the possibility of social intercource, correspondence or study in my home; but, annoying as this may be to the Representative, that is the least of it, for it is, in almost every case, a positive wrong to the people upon whom the gractice is indulged. Assurances that the Representative can procure employment from by parsons in whose word they have implied faith, inspire hopes that cannot be fulfilled, and not infrequently a confidence that leads to destitution. Days and week are consulting lead in numeral of the many smax seads to destitution. Days and weeks are sometimes lost in pursuit of the man whose magical power, it is believed, will secure them employment; and the bitterness of disappointment that evertakes many of them when they discover how their friends have deluded them is painful to observe, and I am unwilling longer to be a party to such a practice. If, therefore, the acceptance of a re-nomination is to be understood as implying a william. as implying a willingness on my part to be longer regarded as such an agent, I must beg leave to decline the honor, grateful as I would be to receive it freed from this con-dition, and tendered in so complimentary a manner.

maner.

"Permit me, therefore, to suggest that it may be possible that the Republican voters of the Fourth District, having had this great and growing evil brought to their attention, will condemn and endeavor to extirpate it. This could be done by electing a nominating convention which would approve a proper Civil Barvice bill, and instruct the candidate nominated to make ite principles his rule of action if elected; or prove a proper Civil Service bill, and instruct the candidate nominated to make its principles his rule of action if elected; or would adopt a resolution deprecasing the interference of Representatives in the selection of subordinate employees in the public offices and workshops. If this can be done, and the Representative can be permitted to devote his time to the study of the important questions now at ishue, and the support of the great interests at stake, I will waive all personal objections, and gratefully comply with your request by placing myself in your hands as a canuidate for re-nomination."

We are glad to see that there are mem bers of Congress who welcome thus the proposition to pass a Civil Service Bill, which shall place suitable men in office, and keep them there so long as they prove themselves to be faithful and efficient officers without regard to their politics, or their want of politics.

Several years ago when we were in Washngton, we could but laugh at the way in which office-seekers dogged Mr. Kelley. Whether they watched in the corridors to see him leave his bed in the morning, we are not certain; but at the door of the breakfast room, going in and going out, he was regularly victimized. He requested us at the time, as a member of the press, to make some fitting comments upon this persecution to which he and others were sub jected-but really we thought then he half liked it. Mr. Verree, another member from this city, holding the same political faith did not seem to be bothered in the leastfor one reason probably because he had not so much influence, and for another because be would not stand it. It was a waste of powder to spend time on Verree, who much preferred showing pretty constituents the lions of Washington -doing his duty thus a more complex and a superior life. As in years ago in an address in this city, that like a man-than importuning crusty ofwhat we wanted in this country was a ho- ficials to give offices and contracts to a set

We doubtless did Mr. Kelley in our haste more or less injustice—supposing simply that he was getting up a "tail." Bvery Highland chieftain, you know, in the old times, had to have "a tail," if he would pass for anybody-a crowd of dirty, ragged, but well-armed retainers, willing on all occasions to swear and fight and die for him. better is it to have both the Pine and the And so every prominent man in Washington, especially every Senator-for all Senators upon an alien soil. No-what we want is are standing candidates for the Presidencynot a nation made after the New England or has to have his tail, who puff him in converany other local pattern-but a nation in sation and in the papers, support him and which every portion shall be free to grow his men for office, and receive in return the crumbs that fall from the Senutor's pelitical England, and the Central States, and the table. Thus in the recent case of the Nash-West, and the South, and the Pacific Re- ville Post Office, we read that Senator gion-each large enough for an empire in Fowler "has won the fight" over the Presi-Truth—culminating in the highest art, and it-elf-shall grow and develope according deut's nominee, Mr. Hopkins. As the re-

ntrol the The pressure in favor of Mr. Hopkins's confirmation has been immense, and the question arose as to whether Mr. Fowler should tion arose as to whether Mr. Fowier should control the office in opposition to the whole Tennessee delegation, merely because he resided in the city. It was finally decided, as seas the like case of Senator Russ and others, that the office beaunged to Foucier, and Mr. Hopkins was rejected by a majority of one vote. Mr. Fowler has asked for few offices, and to this one he devoted his whole strength.

gether in this matter. When would become of their respective " tails" & Gey did unt? They have thus the bestown of imports posts, and these who fill these posts have their stelling of followers who leak up to thou, and so on. It is a beautiful system, so any sentible man will one. As Mr. Curtis quoted from fruits the other evening:—

"Big Sens have little Sens
To wordy and to bite 'ein,
And these in turn have smaller Sens,
And so od sufindrem."

A good Civil Service system would be death to all these flean

We congratulate Mr. Kelley, in conclusion, upon his manly, sensible letter; and hope that every candidate for a Congressional renomination will write a similar one-and that every District Convention, of both parties, will adopt resolutions in favor of a Civil Service Bill.

OUR LETTERS.

R. V. C., of Amsterdam, New York, writes:-

"I have been a reader of THE Poer for nearly forty years, and it has no superior as a family pa-per. Its contents are chaste, refined, and enter-

Dr. J. A. B., of Mount Sterling, Kenncky, writes:-

"I think Two Poor the most readable of all the multitude of literary weeklies. I never intend to be vithout it again."

Mr. S. H., of West Milton, Ohie, writes :-

"I have taken your paper for thirty years, and could hardly do without it. No family should be without TEE POST."

R. M. Jr., of Pittsburg, writes:-

"THE POST has been so long in my family, we bould feel lost without its weekly appearance."

C. P. E., of Brewnsville, Tennes writes:-

"I recived the Sewing-Machine Premium all right, and am much pleased with it. I shall endeavor to get up another club."

E. M. S., of New Harmony, Indiana,

"We have been taking your paper for two rears, and think we cannot do without it. Would ike to have you republish the Channings." We do not like much to republish stories

-though "The Channings" is one of Mrs. Wood's best. But just now we have se many new stories announced, it is impos to find room to republish anything.

THE POST.

Our readers will find in our present issue an article from THE PROOF SHEET, written by Eugene II. Munday, giving an account of the life and fortunes of this paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is the article of a series upon "The Press of Philadelphia," which has been commenced in the "Proof Sheet." Mr. Munday leads off with our respected senior, "The North American and United States Gazette," whose illustrious predecessor, "The Pennsylvania Packet," commenced in 1771, was "the first daily newspaper printed on this continent.

Some of our readers perhaps will be surprised to learn that THE POST was not founded by its present editor and proprietor. Two or three years ago we received a letter from an old gentleman, expressing his conviction that we must be a very venerable person indeed, for he remembered reading THE POST with delight when he was a boy, and he had ascended to the snowy summits of life. But, as it will be seen, we were not the founder-and "wise men lived before Agamemnon." A long line of very able, dis. tinguished and "remarkable" gentlemen occupied the editorial chair of THE POST before it became our lot te do our best to enlighten this erring world.

It will be noted that THE POST was eriginally printed in Franklin's old printing office, and on the old Franklin Press, now its fortunes are linked with the venerable name of the philosopher who first summened the lightning from the summer cloud, and made it confess its parentage and its name. If the genial and comprehensive soul of Franklin occasionally visits its old haunts, may it pause sometimes for a moment over our sanctum, and inspire our spirit with such thoughts as may benefit the country he served so faithfully and loved so well.

BAD, IF TRUE.

At a recent meeting of the Central Union of working women in New York, one of the speakers, Mrs. E. A. Lane, of Massachusetts, asserted that in the New England states there were to be found children under twelve years of age, working in factories for eleven and twelve hours a day. The speaker compared this state of affairs with the condition of the working people in England, where by law, manufacturers were prohibited from employing women for more than eight, and children for more than five hours a day.

Our good friends in New England require looking after. We hope they will not put us to the trouble of getting up a Reformatory Society for their benefit. We hope Mrs. Lane is mistaken in her averments. Working children for eleven and twelve hours a day, is not just the thing for states which set themselves up as models and examples for the rest of the country. would Phillips suppress his voice, and Garrison not cry aloud in the streets, if this thing were true? It is not to be thought of.

You see a majerity of the Senate hung to-

DOOKS

TO BORROWERS.

[April 2, 1870.]

To:

A Kentuoky A Kentucky lady writes to us as fol-

"Although my neighbors love to read my Poer and Lapy's Fazzer they cannot space the money to subscribe for them. They do not think how hard It is for me to have my books and papers returnedwhen they are returned at all—all tattered and torn so that they are totally undit for binding."

It has been well said that a newspaper is like a wife or a husband, every person should have one of their own. To borrow a newspaper or a magazine occasionally, is one thing—but to borrow it regularly, is what no thoughtful person will do. What is left of a newspaper or magazine, after it has gone the rounds of a whole neighborhood? THE POST and LADY'S PRIEND are so low priced, that there is no excuse for this systematic borrowing of them.

FARRING.

Horace Greeley is writing a series of articles, headed " What I Know of Farming." We propose one of these days writing some articles also. Our series shall be headed-" What we don't know of Farming." And if we only are able to embody in our series all we don't know, we shall to tally eclipse Mr. Greeley.

By the way, we wonder if Mr. Greeley

can instruct his readers how to invest

"HOME AND HOME LIFE."-Miss H. S. Corey, of Almond, New York, who has frequently contributed postical articles to THE Post, is now delivering a lecture on " HOME LIFE" in Allegamy and the adjacent counties of that state. We see it favorably spoken of by the press of that section. Miss Corey is to lecture before the Literary Societies of Alfred University in the first week of April-

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PERSONAL BRAUTY. Hew to Cultivate and Preserve It, in accordance with the Laws of Health. By Drs. BRINTON and NAPHEYS. We have published a number of extracts from this book, as that our readers may judge of its quality. We believe it is one of the best published upon the subject of Personal Beauty. Published by W. J. Holland, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by A. H. Habbard, 400 Chestaut street, Phils. Price \$2 00. Price \$2.00.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, 1870. De-DREERS GARDER CALENDAR, 1870. Designed to furnish brief directions for the cultivation and management of the Vegetable, Flower, and Fruit Garden. Published by Henry A. Dreer, No. 714 Chestnut street, Phila

The Galaxy for April. An illustrated magazine. Published by Sheidon & Co., New York.

A SOSOON

Within a few days severe loss has been sustained by several New York banks by the payment of grautine checks of smill amounts certified as good, altered, by the use of chemicals, to very large amounts of the content of the several new of the process are estimated to amount to at least \$100,000, and the perpetrators of the fraud age stitle at large. So dangerous a forgery is this, that our leading bankers are deviaing means whereby to duteot it, and to this end ask the on-operation of their correspondents. We were pesterday shown, at the banking house of Drazel & Co, a bottle of this "intereser," as it is called, and tried it on some written matter lying on the counter, by merely tooching is with the west stopper of the bottle, when every trace of the writing coming its content with it vanished in two asconda, leaving the paper as amooth and virgin as before written upon. Ho much of values as there is dependent upon the interest of this leaves, the bear of ound. Immediately after the saccossful removing of the writing above mentioned, which was in the common black ink, a few days are said to keep parfectly fresh for many months.

EM A country apotheonry, who was asked what sould has been dupon his occumulating this behalt on the bit object in such subture. "My dear fellow," replied the apothemary, "this is the meeting as where you there is the outline of the medicines are very well for any shop. Simple medicions are very well for any shop. The progens of 'inaming' eggs in their own shells was recently explained at meeting the hard the was recently explained at an established in two creations of diserders."

EM A country apotheonry, "this the bett is been been in a distance of the medicions are very very bein the other of the subtle of the well of a subtle of the well of the we

Chinese Tartary.

can instruct his readers how to invest \$10,000 in a farm, and make it pay a loss of about \$1,000, including interest, every year? If he cannot, probably he and Mr. H. W. Beecher together, if common report be true, may be able to afford the desired information. Then all he will need to say to his readers is this,—Just you do the opposite to what we did, and you will come posite to what we did, and you will come serve for a warning, if not for an example.

Oh, Greeley, do you think you can teach your grandfathers in the country how to suck eggs?

This country, heretofers reported as "three-fourths asad," proves to be sand in the lesser proportion. Instead of wandering hordes of Tartars, dwelling in tents, Mr. Shaw, a recent Eeglish traveller, found a population of 20,000,000 at the lowest estimate, and towns of 100,000 inhabitants. The land is highly cultivated by irrigation. Security of life and property extest; the roads are full of life and travel, and all the arts and luxuries known in the East are practiced and enjoyed. Ruesia and Chian have had hitherto a monopoly of the foreign trade. Chian is ruled out, and Eugland will probably divide the business with Russia. The religion is Mahometan, and the language spoken is emerntially that of the Turks at Constantinople.

A Satural Missake.

A Natural Missake.

A California paper says:

A few days ago Rev. W. T. Lucky, Principal of the State Normal School, and frequently acting as chaplain to the penitentiary at St. Questin, was visiting at Sacramento, and interviewing to some extent, perhaps, the members of the Legislature. Being in the Senate Chamber at the opening of the morsing essation, he was requested by the President to open the proceedings with prayer, which he did, with eyes closed—whether forgetting the place he was in or the people surrounding him, we cannot say—in the following manner:

"Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that Thy mercies may be extended to these poor men, who have been sent here from all parts of the state convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors; have mercy upon them, we beseech Thee, while they are here serving out the times for which they were sect; and when they have served and are dismissed from these walls, may they return to their homes better men, and in time may they become useful and upright citizens and hocorable members of society. Amen."

Whereupon the member from Yole arose and said: "Mr. President, I move to strike out Yole County." The scene which followed can be better insgined than described.

magazine. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ALLARTIC MORTHLY for April. Published by Fields Orgond & Co., Boston.

BLACKWOON'S EDIRBURION MAGRIER for March. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

Mart's GRAMMAR.—Interspersed with Stoties, and intended for the use of children. By Mrs. Marcet, author of 'Conversations on Obemistry,' etc. New Edition. Brised and Eolarged. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Clastron, Remean & Haffelingur, Philads.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Clastron, Remean & Haffelingur, Philads.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, Sicole of the State of St

Current Literature. Published by L. R. Ilameraly & Co., Seventh and Chratnut Streets, Philaila.; and also for sale by Turner Brothers, 806 Chestmut Street, Philada. The Monthly Part, nicely bound, contains a large amount of agreeable reading.

The Old Guard. A monthly Magazine. Devoted to Literature, Science, and Art, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1861. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

American Literature Gazette, and Published Principal of the Roman Observatory to refute from the Scriptures the theories of modern astronomy. If Pather Secchi fail to dethis, he demands the rinstant suppression of the observatory as an institution ruinous to men's sculu.

Est A friend to show his cosmopolitanism and liberatity says he is orthodox in opinion. gets his preaching in churches of all denominations, votes the Republican ticket always, has been a subscriber to the Boston Post (Democratic) for twenty years, and takes the "Commonwealth" as his only religious paper. — Boston Trenscript.

The Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, the "Gentile" organ, thinks the best way for Coogress to deal with Utah is to admit her as a grate, and let the high civiliantion, relations to the playground fitteen feet deep, by about their playground fitteen feet deep, by about their playground fitteen feet deep, by about their playground fitteen feet deep, by

FLOUR.—The market continues very dull. 8000 bble rold, in lote, mostly to the relative and bakers, at prices ranging from \$6,300 A.00 for concrete, \$6,400 for carries flowed, to be remarked as a carrie flowed, to be remarked as a carrie family; \$6,00 for leavel-Vert exact family; \$0,10 for leavel-Vert exact family; \$0,40 for leavel-Vert exact for leavel-Vert exact family.

ga tor Wombern family, and \$6,509,500 W bell our fancy brands. 350 bits of flys Frow soid at \$4,509,500 for the family. The fair of the family of the fair of the

MAIK.—IS Raids or At. 1 spectrum of the Maik.—IS and or At. 1 specially domaind for prime Worters at Tomosis W B.

HAY—Primer Timoshy Bay, W 106 Be, S1, 40@1,50; mixed do, \$1,50@1,50; Straw, \$1,50@1,50.

HOPS—Sains of New York at 10@50e and Wissonsin at 156 Me W h.

altiON—In Fig Iron there is rather more doing; we quote No. 1 at \$56. Ber Iron is quoted at \$70@81 to.

8 MEDS—Cloverseed—Sains of \$700 bus at \$40.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Seef Cattle during the past west smoonted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from \$1,50 to the \$1.100 come brought from \$4.50 to \$1.00 come brought from \$4.50 to \$1.00 to \$1.50 to \$1

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTE AND FOREIS LOTION," The only reliable and harmiers remedy known to scionce for removing brown discolorations from the face. for removing brown discolorations from the face, Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Minson & Hamilia Organica.

The Mason & Hamilia Organ Company have just irand what they term a Testimony Circular, which is cartulary remarkable as presenting such an amount of testimony to the ortellact of their instruments. It contains all large presenting ruch an amount of testimony to the ortellact of their instruments. It contains a large present of their instruments. It contains of the instance of their instruments. It contains the instance are an ordinary crudecion volume. Neary one thousand persons, most of them experts in the matter, testify to the rare excellence of the cabinet argans made by this company. The character of the testimony is indeed quite as remarkable as its quantity. Nearly all the most prominent musicians in the commer are quoted; the principal oranists, and teschers of chief American cities are smoog those who say that those are the best among instruments of the class. A number of nell-known European artist testify to the came offect. Extracts are given from Paris and London papers which admit that these organs are superior to those of European make. American new papers are quality emphatic. But what is, perhaps, even more satirastors, is the testimony of hundry do who have those organs in sea, as to the it working qualities. After looking over such a mass of testimony, one cannot well doubt that the reputation of this company is richly deserved. By smalling his address to the Mason & Hamilia Organ Co., 184 Tremoni street. Boston, or 556 Broadway, New York, any one ran have a copy of this circular sent him gratationally, postage paid.— N. T. Ecangelies.

Am Extended Popularity.—"Freen's

Testers, 84chs, 14ch, 5crastch, Strustch, "Browned Ail-Healing Oinfment," after an experience of many years has proved to be a sovereign rounds for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt, thous, Scald Heaf, Erysipiais, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, obstinate or stealy Eruption, Ringworm, Rebing Piter, &c. Rocase so obstinate or loy standing it will not care. Ask for "awayn's Ointment." Use no other.

Suid by dealers Everywhers. Price 30 cents a hox, Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postarpaid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratilitionly answered. Address Ls. Swayna & Son, 230 No. th Sch5t, Philadelphia.

Amy persons desiring work as agent, by addressing at once R. Tuoaston, Hoboken N. J., will learn of a maching that will not them from \$1 to \$30 a week. Crampton's Imperial E.

Manufactory 2, 4, 5, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and 33 and 25 Jefferson Street, Office, 54 Prost Street, New York.

The Ladies' Seresis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from we-man's suffrage to Hair proparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not andowed them with brauty, it was their right— yea, their daty—to sock it where they could. Su they all voted that Magaolia fishs overcame fisilow-nees, rough white, and Ring-marks, and gave to the stona.

The Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, the "Gentile" organ, thinks the best way for Coogress to deal with Utab is to admit her as a state, and let the high civilization, religious teaching, noble example, and Christian argument of the militions of the Republic let and the thousands of Utah to a higher mural plane, if they can.

The Dean Stanley read Hawthorne's "Marble Fann" wit times. Once, when first published, from curiority; a accound time for its heautiful language; third, before visiting Rome; feurth, white in Rome, as a well suited to the spirits of the place; fith, after returning from Rome, as a pleasant resinder of the visit; and the last time, as he asid, "Because I wanted to."

The Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, the doors of the site of the work of the complexion and saily and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow and the source of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a thousand feet of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them struck a ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them struck as ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them struck as ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them struck as ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them struck as ledge of go'd-bearing quarra, and immediately a structure of them structure of them structure of them struc

PITS! PITS! FITSI Cure of Spilepey or Failing Fits By HARCO'S EPHAPPED PRISE.

Percons laboring under this distressing maledy will find Honor's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for caring Mulispey or Falling

afficient; they are in every respect tree, and should they be read by any one who is not afficient himself, if he has a triend who is a sufferer, he will do a hu-mane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. To SETE S. HARCE, Saltimore, Ed.

To flave S. Haren, Saitmore, Md.

Dear Sir—Socing your advertisement, I was induced to try year kpd-pite Filis. I was natached with Spilopsy in July, 18-4. Immediately my family pipy-sician was summoned, but we could give me no retist from the m-delices be prescribed. I then committed another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried one treatment of another, but without any good affect. I again returned to my fumily physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was remerally attacked without any premonitory complement. I had from two to five Sin a day, of increase of two weeks. I was often attached in my select and weekfed all wherever I would be or wheelver be accessed with, and I was overeighted on mechanical in my beside rea monitored in my beside rea mediated to me chant I less all consider that year sufficient in my beside re, and I consider that year sufficient in my beside re, and I complete that year sufficient in my beside re, and I could be successed to use year Pills. I commensed to use year Pills. I carried that year sufficient in my beside re, and it only had two stacks afterward. The last one was on the Sch of Agril, 1800, and they were of a loss certons otherwise. With the biasoring of Freetideness, year modicular was made the insertments by wheel I was correct of this distriction. I listed that the File and thoor good effects should be made in now revery where, that percent who are eleminary affected may have the b-audic of those. Any person while it reverse in previous, Massell Starth Third street, Philodelphia. Pa.

CUTDE OF A CHILD.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SHEME, PANDLA CO., MISS., Oct. 80, 1868. Samms, Pairoca Ch., Muss., Oct. 80, 1689.

Barn S. Manos, Salitmore. Md.

Dear Str.—An a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I dealer, masshed, to so to the following facts. My other's son, Fred, was taxen with spacement, or Spileptic Fits, in the frammer of 1886, and continued to be selfisted with those to a most detereoring extent, satil both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never he relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenaday, of your Fills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one clight apasm, where he need to have them twice or motive, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave cut I ordered more, and he has need them all, and is now by permissions of my fumily physicians at achool, which he was foreighted to attend before, and I since rely hope entirely cared. I will add that before another the supply of everal incitance in which they had been escenerally used. You are in librity to are this expenting of the piles should be nature, tally known. Very resp'y,

J. F. Standows.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF MPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS By Mance's Epiloptic Pills.

By Hamco's Epiteptic Pitte.

Monvounny, Three, June 26, 1967.

To Save S. Marcomeny, Three, June 26, 1967.

To Save S. Marcomeny, Three, June 26, 1967.

To Save S. Marcomeny, Three is my employ had been afflicted with Pite or Spiripay for thirteen very, be had those estacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftontime averal in quick successful, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On coveral occasions they continued austil his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fine had consed. I tried coveral remedies precerbed by our recident physicians, but wishout any reacces. Having even your advertisement in the Philodelphia Courier, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two hores of your Pitte, and gave them seconding to olirectione, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a store, healthy men, and is about thirty yours of ege, and has not had a fix since he commoned taking your medicine, which was ten years slow. He was my principal wagner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the cover store washer. I have great conditioned in your remedy, and would like every one who has a is no give it a trial.

B. L. Da Fannes.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mirelesippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiaseed mind: GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1005.

Suru S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir.—I take great pleasure in releting a case of sparse or tice, oured by your invaluable I'lls. He breiner, J. J. Lugon, has long been afflicted with thy avial discess. He was first stacked while quite young. He would have one or two sparses at one attack at the result have one or two sparses at one stacked as ired, sat at he grew older, they commented increase like first. In you that time he commenced incline out the life, he fact them were often and quite severe, proctesting him body sad mind. Hes mind had eaflered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is conved of those first. He has enjoyed flux health for the fact of the mountain past. His mind has also returned to the offsich of the same past. His mind has also returned to the offsich offsich in the same processes of the resumpty in at will care those. Your respectfully, &c., W. F. Lance.

IS THERE A CURB FOR EPILEPSY! The Subjeized Will Answer.

Seve 8. Hance—Deer Ser-You will find enclosed five dollars, which I as not you for two boase of your kiplicptic fills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote said received to a boxe of your Pills, which be took agreeably to your directions. He has never had a fit side.

It was through my personalus that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad son; he had fits nearly all bin tife, or at least a good many years. Persona have written to we from Alabaraa and Francesco on the aurised, for the purpose of accertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended form, and in no instance where I have had a chausou of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure Yours, &c., C. H. Guy. Grenada, Yalabusha county, hiss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

C.BEF FROM VIRGINIA.

C.BEF FORT, SUFFY COURTY, Va.

DR. SETH S. HARCE: - I was in Beltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was indeed to buy a bus of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the apil pute Firs. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching bone, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. If do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Raclosed you will find See dollars, for which you will please forward thom by mell. Your compliance will oblige me. Your, respectfully.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

The the 18th of March, Horarto G. Street, in his dress, with portage, on receipt of a remistance. Address SETH OB. 41 S. Hance, 108 Builtmore Street, Baltimore, Md. S. Hance, 108 Builtmore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one hox, \$2; teelve, \$27. feb19-list year.

FITS | "Children's Lives Saved for 80 Om Now, mothers, if you would expend the core, and always have a bettle of Pr Tobias' Function Linius and in the house, you never need feet total goar little one when attack of with this every piaint. It is new that you are a lose I have you up my Linius, it amount was need but house you got course hove to entry brained to me and many state of course hove to entry would not be without it. Bestless which it is a critain care for eats, bares, headache, tootheathe, core throat, consilings, mampe, colin, diarrham, dyroster, spasma, old source and pains to the limbs, best, and chose. He one came tries it who is ever althout it. It is warranted perfectly rafe to take internally. Full directions with craft boation. So the distriction with craft boation.

Occupational Attm Prorb, pure sir is a visiting citair. Wherear is debarred by circumstance from unrestricted access to this invisible, but powerful atimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Propularity is a and intel'igent age, and tried by this criterion HOU-THTER'S STOKACH BITTER'S stands dret among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons anyaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible resultations the at, morphore is always in some degree polluted, tols saintrions vigotable tassic is possistry adopted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It con-sists of an absolutely pare diffusive missuant, time tured—or rather curviaged—with the fluid extrects of canatons roots and barks and barks. The pher-mosoposis has its tinetures, but what are than? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is pre-sent in each. Not one of them combines the three proporties of a tenic, an attention, and an apeproporties of a tonic, an a'tonative, and an apo-ricat. All these elements are blooded in the Bit-ters; nor are those the sum of its medicinal recom-

eptemodie.

The baidful offset which sir that has been partially exhausted of its expans by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is soferious, and show to this devitalized etmosphere to esquarated the mapph tin vapue of not air furnament, it becomes dedocritous and depreceing in the extreme. To unable the agreem to hear up, oven see a few hours costs day agricus to hear up, oven see a few hours costs day agricus to hear up, oven see a few hours costs day agricus the facilitiesting induction of a vital-cut automorphem, a wholescene relate out of arterior and automorphem, a wholescene relate out of arterior piled in Bose-tier's Bitters, which as a stronger automorphism of the seed of the seed of the seed of the automorphism of the automorphism of the seed of t

BRAUTY! BEAUTY!! Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase Flock and Weight, Clean Shin, and Beautiful Complesion So-oured to all through Dr.

municator through the Blood, Sweet, and other fails and juless of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and cound finide and juleas of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with now and sound material. Scrattla, Consumpties, Giandular Diceare, Uleru in the Threat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Giands, and other parts of the system, Sere Hyen, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseasen, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Sait Rhoum, Erysipelax, Assa, Black Edots, Worms in the Fisch, Tumors, Cancer in the Womb, and all Wesheming and Paintal Discharges, Night Sweets, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the cannaise range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a f.w days' use will prove to any person using it for either of this wonder of Moders Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for ofther of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continuity progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new mosterial made from beauty blood, and this the Sarasparillian will and does seems, a cure is certain; for, when ease this remedy companies the work of confidence and succeeds in ces its work of parification, and sucommences is werk of particules, and succeeds in diminishing the lore of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting bet-ter, appetite improving, and flesh and weight in-reasing.

ter, appetite improving, and flesh and weight in-creasing.

Not only does the Saraparillian Esselvent excel-all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scronicus, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Eldney, Bladder, Urinary, and Wemb diseases, Gravel, Diabeter, Dropoy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urina, Bright's disease. Albuminaria, and it all or-se where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an arr, or threads like white alls, or there is a morbid cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an agg, or threads like white slik, or three is a morbid dark, billoos appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sens-tion when parsing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all those conditions Radway's Sarseporthian Reservent aided by the application of Radway's Bondy Bolief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowds regulated with one two of Radway's Segulating Pills per day, will coom make a complete cure. In a few days, the paor two of Stadway's hogulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cura. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pais, and the Urine will be re-stored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Important Notice. — All Soldiers and Saliers who have lest an erm or leg in the service—or since on account of wonds or by price—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Boventh et., Philadelphia. itonaux R. Lanouz & Co.,

MARRIAGES.

Harriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the list of March, by the Rev. J. W. Bonham, Mr. Honaca E. Scory to Miss Many A., daughter of Wm. Hinkle, Esq., best of this city. On the 10th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Jones J. REILLY to Miss GENYAUDS A. Esotts, both or this city. or this city.
On the 14th of March, by the Rev. J. S. Essmard,
PRILLY D. HEAD to Miss Hannisyva H. Aulands,
both of this city.
On the 6th of Jan., by the Rev. W. C. Hobitson,
Mr. George W. Olanks to Miss Janus McLais,
both of the city. Mr. Geomes W. Olark is allowed annual Millall, her hot bit etsy.
On the 17th of March, by the Rev. Saml. E. Appleton, Mr. Samust Haddock to Miss Jans Mudraur, but of the city.
On the 17th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Berg. D. D., Mr. Jour Beatton, of Isuland, to Miss Matilda, J. Musss, of this city.

BEATHS.

gg Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

DYRAM'S KROW, Frequirman Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

B. N. Haron —Deer Si: —Having been efflict d with
failing fits for some years part, I descruded to give
jour Piles a trial, (advert a ment of which I see in
rome eff-the papers, I and continued to me them for
rome eff-the papers, I and continued to use them for
rome eff-the papers, I and continued to use them for
them to be a first-rate article, and since I have used
them i have not had one attant, I am now in the
rejourness of good health. I am, very respectfully,
yours, &c.,

JONATHAN J. SANCHAN, JONATHAN, IN
Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address
you sent them. Ogden, in 'er 72d vent. On the 18th of March. Honarto G. Street, in his



We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication :-

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," de, de.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of " Dorn Castell," &c.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of " East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Whe Told !

By RLIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c. Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas.

Mrs. Wood, Prank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hos mer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also Naws, AGRICULTURAL AR-TICLES, PORTRY, WIT and HUMOR, RID-DLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDONG RING,"-is 18 by 24 inches and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. 'It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings-"The Song of Home at Sea," " Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"-will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in adcance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

BASE BALL SONG.

Ain-" The old oaken bucket."

How dear to the heart is the green covered good sival captains their men rightly

The pitcher, the catcher, the right field and left field, The good men, the true men, who guard

well each base! short stop so lively, the centre-field handy, The ball, and the striker who aims to send

neer than all to the hearts of good

fielders, Is the leathen-clad base-ball we eatch on the

fly-The july old base ball, the well covered base ball, The leathern-clad base ball we catch on the

Hanging Gardens of Habyton.

The great Babylonian King Nebuchadnessar (who died B. C. 561), when he had completed his conquests, as he found himself in possession of treasures uncounted, and esptives by tens of thousands, determined also to signatize his reign by some of the triumphy of peace. He built a new palace of colossal dimensions, and surrounded it with a triple wall, the outer one of which was some seven miles in circuit; he inclosed the city of Babylen with a wall, which, Herodotas-ays, was about three hundred and thirty-five feet high, and made the Hanging Gar-dens. This last work was undertaken to gratify his wife, Amyrtis, a Median princess. Having passed her younger days in a moun-tainous region, she distiked the uniform level of the country about Babylon, and pined for the woods and hills of Media. The lofty rocks and various trees of this wanderful paradise were an attempt to imiof Babylon with a wall, which, Herodotus a high-crowned beaver hat, a meerschaum wonderful paradise were an attempt to ini-tate Median scenery. These gardens were high enough to overlook the walls of the oity, and occupied a square four hundred

feet on a side.

It has been a question how these garders were supported at this great height, as it was, until lately, taken for granted that the Baby louisans did not understand the principle of the arch. But it is now known that very of the aron.

Dustrial arches were built in Egypt, is Assyria, and in Babylonia senturies before
Nebuchathersar's time, and so the question

is simplified The ancient Romans, when they had to level at which the water was to be carried level at which the water was to be carried was reached. In the same manner, only on a larger scale, was this mound of the gar-dens raised. They built one story of arches, covering the required space; on this was placed a second story; and thus was story after story raised. A great mass of earth covered the top, and water was supplied from the Euphrates through pipes. Not only flowers and shrube grew there, but trees of the largest size; come of them so trees of the largest size; some of them so large that their trunks, according to Quintus Curties, were twelve feet in diameter. The accept to the gardens was by steps, and on the way up, among the arches, were stately apartments, whose pleasant coolnes the eat of the climate could but little affect.

The Irish absentee landowners spend ,000,000 gold, annually, outside of Ire-

THE GOOD WIFE.

"She makes my home the pleasantest spo n earth to me,"—Dr. Chapin.

Bleet is the home which bath a wife

sweet,
So kind, so gentle, cheerful, and refined,
That happy is the man in whose retreat
Dwells such a helpmate with such help

The mystic Vesta, goddess of the hearth, Whom accients pictured as divinely pure, Was not more lovely than the wife of worth, Who home invests with pleasures that

She makes a heaven of her little realm, Where husband, children, friends, in bliss

abide.
And the 'the waves of outward care o'erwhelm, At home e'er flows contentment's tranquil tide.

How sweetly falls at evening on the ear The good wife's love-fraught welcome to

her spouse: And then, at morning, her fond words en-

More closely all the treasures of his

Praise, endless praise, to Him who giveth all Good gifts that, in this trying, change ful He granteth such a boon from Heaven to

home made charming by a faithful wife.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Conges. No. 14.

WRITTEN PORTHE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

OFFERINGS PLACED UPON ALTARS-

THAESHOLDS.

"When the Philistives took the Ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon." I Sam. v., 2. That the Philistines should rejoice at getting possession of the Ark of God, is readily to be accounted for; since, from their whole camp had gone up a wall of horror-stricken awe, simultaneously with the shout of triumpis with which the Israelites greeted the advent of the Ark among their tents. Just as fully assured as had been Israel that victory would come to them with the Ark of God; so as certainly did the Philistines expect defeat as the consequence of its presence on the side of their enemies. Their own language betrays a fear bordering on despair, as they exclaim: "Woe unto us! Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? These are the Gods that smote the Egyptians, with all the plagues in the wilderness." When, therefore, "Israel was smitten, and fled every man to his tent, and there was a very great slaughter." fore, "I raci was smitten, and find every man to his tent, and there was a very great slaughter, " " and the Ark of God was taken"—it was not strange that the Philis-tines should greet with joy and triumph their unexpected victory. That the Ark should unexpected victory. That the Ark should be safely deposited where it would be secure from all probability of again falling into the hands of the israclites, was also to be expected, as the reasonable dictate of proper pected, as the reasonable dictate of proper prudence and forethought; but why place it "in the house of Dagon," their conse-crated temple, and "set it by Dagon," their favorite detry? Was it not an insult to their god, thus to bring into familiar jux-taposition with him a rival divinity—an un-warrantable profanation of his special abode, to held it in company with another and a to hold it in common with another and a strange God—and one, too, who was worshipped only by a race they held in utter contempt, and situded to as Hebrew states? Were they not thus braving the displeasure Were they not thus braving the displeasure of their own deity, and even inviting its severest manifestation upon themselves and their country? So it would seem to us ocidentals; but an oriental views the subject from quite another stand-point. The Ark was probably placed, not by the side of Dagou, but before him, upon the altar or table upon which offerings were placed; and the act of these victorious Palissines in laying before, or at the feet of their councer. laying before, or at the feet of their conse-erated divinity, this mysterious symbol of an unknown God, is a foreible idustration of the common practice of all orientals, of placing cerything they deem specially valuable, novel, or incomprehensible, upon the alters of their gods. In such a position I have seen at different times a sailor s jacket, pipe, a rusty French sword, an old-fashioued Dutch clock, a grea-y pack of playing cards, a ship's ancher, an English "Bok of Com-mon Prayer," and even a cast-off bit and mon Prayer, and even atives, simply be-bridle—all prized by the natives, simply because they were rare and foreign, at the same reason supposed to be acceptioned to the equally curious detty. thing is considered by an oriental too rare, coetly, or precious, nor yet too grotesque, to be laid upon the altar of his idol-costly jewels, magnificent oreaments, perfumes, spices and meense from Arabia and Ceylon, xquisite statuettes of gods and heroes, me one and bisouterie curious and fanciful. and modern, all lie scattered about in such delectable confusion, as quite to set at nought every distinction of time, place, and nationality. A little farther off, huddled together in strange, fantastic groups, may be seen Chinese dragons of rough-hown granite, and classic nymphs of purest Italian marbie—gods and deni-gods, Greck, Roman, and Buddhist, forgetful of their adverse creeds, stand side by side in unwonted amity—whits giants and dwarfs, beavenly damsels and their infernal suitors, demo and furies, princes celestial and terrestrial, complete the strange assortment, more varied than ever was peddler's pack, or the multifarious anornments of a ship's caboose, whence may ordinarily be obtained what-ever is called for, from a rusty nail to a cambric handkerchief, a volume of the clas-

piles of Tube-rores and Cape-jewamines, filling the arr with their delicate perfumes; likes and japonicas with the faintest possible rese tings, a scarce perceptible blush, as of their own conscious loveliness; Passion-flowers and meon-ercepers in the full tide of bluebing maturity—come twined in wreaths and garlands, others arranged in coatly vaces of fantastic shapes—while towering above all rise the stately branches of the magnificent Magnolia Grandiflora, the "Pride of the Tropics," bending beneath their wealth of ambrosial treasure, and exhaling with true oriental profusion their rare and delicious perfume—there, amid this medley of sweets, the beauteous dameel deposite her gift, and departs with conscience eased of its burden, and accounts squared with her god. All that is rare or beautiful, curious or coatly, is brought into requisition to proposed to be enshrined in the hideous forms before which the infatuated kidolater bows down; and though the heary idol site in majestic aplendor behind its golden altar, an unconscious recipient alike of the heart's adoration of the humble worshipper, and the cestly gifts of the lofty and the proud, the system enthrones itself in the vory hearts of these faccy-loving childres of the East. And no bedezaling is the gorgeous pageant, that the humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus turns sadly away, little wondering that a religious creed that so perfectly ministers to all the fairy fancies, epicurean tastes and exquisite sensibilities of an Oriental, should continue to hold the countless legions of the Orients of sat bound in its golden chains. But while the splendor of their temple worship gratifies their tastes, it is doubtless the juward consciousness of guilt, the need of somewhat wherewith to purchase pardom for sin—the grand desideratum of our race ever clamoring for relief—that induces, in every age and all lands, Christian or heathen, civilized or savage, the erection of altars, and the laying thereon of sacrifices and oblation—not prayer or prause; while t

of idol worship is sacrifice and oblation—not prayer or praise; while the devotee seems to imagine his god always out of humor and needing to be pacified, angry or sullen, and his favor to be propitiated only by the most coatly and oft-repeated gifts.

It was, doubtiess, as an offering to their god, that the Philistines conveyed the Ark of God into "the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon;" and likewise as the place of greatest security from any possible attempt on the part of the Israelites, to recover their lost treasure. Thus, the Philistines hoped to propitiate the favor of their own god, by laying upon his altar this mysterious' emblem of a power, the rumor of which had reached them from afar, working strange wonders in Egypt, and engulfing Pharaoh and his armed legions amid the billows of the Red Sea.

the Red Sea.

The Ark was also placed in Dagon's keeping, under the belief that he would justously guard it from their enemies, and most effectually prevent its being ever again used against themselves. That he, their own venerated deity should in any manner succumb to another, seems never to have entered into the calculations of the Philistines; nor could they be persuaded that it was so, even after Dagon's first fall, on the morning subsequent to the placing of the was so, even after Dagon's first fall, on the morning subsequent to the placing of the Ark upon his aitar. But when the second, catastrophe occurred, in which the idol was not only thrown prostrate on his face, as the sacred historian records it, "only the atump of Dagon was left to him"—the unwelcome conviction was forced upon them, that their god could not stand before this mystic symbol of the nuknown God of the Israelites, and with one voice they cried out, "The Ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us; for his hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon, our god."

us, and upon Dagon, our god."

The allusion to "the threshold," in this assage, is also peculiarly Oriental. All over the East, and especially in Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, prostration on the threshold implies the highest reverence and homage for the presence that dwells within, hence the posture of humiliation into which Dagon was thrown before the Ark of God, was per-fectly intelligible to the Philistines. The fectly intelligible to the Philistines. The great attention paid by Orientals, to the threshold of boly places and of the abodes of royality, strikingly illustrates this text, as well as the passage in Exek. xhii., 8—in which God complains that His holy name has been defiled, by "their setting of their has been defiled, by "their setting of their threshold by My thresholds," by which would seem to be convoyed the idea, that idols being placed within His temple, their threshold was identified with His, and the acts of homage there performed by worship-pers, were shared by these false gods, in-

masocum of Falima at Room are insections the words: "Happy and glorious is the be, and for liever who shall reverently prostrate himseef, with his head on the threshold of these truths and teachings of the Bible a dead letter to most of them; that the only intoo rare, and the moon," The Persians will even sun and the moon." The Persians will even kneel down and kiss the threshold of a sacred place before they venture to cross is, and are extremely careful not to touch it with their feet. In writing to a Shelkh or other venerated personage it is quite common for them to say, "Let me make the those who shouted the loudest and jumped those who shouted the best Christians. other venerated personage it is quite com-mon for them to say, "Let me make the dust of your threshold into an ointment for my eyes." How additionally sacred to the Philistines would be the threshold where had rested the head and hands of their consecrated deity; and we can readily understand why "neither the priests of Dagon, nor any that came into Dagon's bonse," trod nor any that came into Dagon's bonse," trod upon the threshold of his temple after that

Small Sized Orators.

When a man impersonates the idea or fa-naticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A ten-derness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespietre's words were hung up in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Rassell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bdl. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he acked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion, Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had holds the inestimable treasure. cambric handkerchief, a volume of the classics, or a solied pack of cards.

Nor are the treasures of the parterre forgotten in these adornments of idol worship. The freshest and fairet flowers are laid morning and evening upon every altar in house and temple; and many a fair devotee will come, at the first blush of the dewy morn, richly laden with floral gifts only less lovely than her own beauteous self, and lay them, still glittering with the pearly drops of the fragrant morning, upon the aitar of her chosen deity, as atonement for some real or fancied dereliction. There, amid the

Come out to the side of the sea, my love, Come out to the side of the sea; The sun is set, and the stars are met, And the winds and the waves agree; But star so bright nor wave so light Brings pleasure or peace to me; b, come, for I sit and wait, alone, On the rocks by the side of the sea!

I am going down in my memory, To the bleesed long age, When the golden ground of the buttercupe Was dashed with the daisies' mow; Was dashed with the daisies' snow; And I'm thinking of all you said to me, And if it were true or no, While I watch the tide as it runs away From the beach so black and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet, Die of your smile forlorn, Bury me here by the side of the sea, Where all my joy was born;
Where the waves shall make my luliaby,
And the winds from night till morn
Shall say to the rocks, "He has gone to Where all his joy was born."

Are the Negroes Religious?

A recent article in Putnam's Magazine by Miss Elizabeth Kilbam, who appears to have been a tracher or manager of one of the Freedmen's schools, discusses the question of the religious character of the negroes. She describes in the first place a negro meeting, which closed as follows:—

"During the singing of this hymn, the excitement, which had been gradually increasing with each obsenge in the exercises, reached its height. Men stamped, groomed, shouted, clapped their hands; women shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the shrieked and sobbed, two or three tore off their bonnets and threw them across the oburch, trampled their shawls under foot, and sprang into the air, it seemed almost to their own beight, again and again, until they fell exhausted, and were carried to one side, where they lay stiff and rigid like the dead. No one paid them any further atten-tion, but wilder grew the excitement, louder the shricks, more violent the stamping; while through and above it all,—over and over again,—each time faster and louder,— rose the refrain, 'Jewas said He wouldn't

"A fog seemed to fill the church; the lights burned dimly, the air was close, almost to suffocation; an invisible power seemed to hold us in its iron grasp; the excitement was working upon us also, and sent the biood surging in wild torrents to the brain, that reeled in darkened terror under the shock. A few upments more under the shock. A few moments more, and I think we should have shricked in

and I think we should have shricked in unison with the crowd.

"We worked our way through the struggling mass, sometimes pushed and beaten back by those who, with set sychalls and rigid faces,—dead, for the time, to things external,—were not conscious what they did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement waished. did. With the first breath of cool night air upon our faces, the excitement vanished; but the strais upon the nervous system had been too great for it to recover at once its usual tone. More than one of the party leaned against the wall, and burst into hysterical tears; even strong men were shaken, and stood trembling and exhausted."

Miss Kitham concludes as follows:

The question is frequently asked of teachers of freedmen.—that is, it is so far a

ers of freedmen,-that is, it is so far a ers of freedmen,—that is, it is so far a question that it terminates in a mark of interrogation, but is really an affirmation with an upward inflection, to which an assent is expected as a matter of course: "You find them a universally religious people, do you not?" I know that the answer, according with the honest belief, is generally, "Yes," and I know that I shall place myself in a small and upmonlar minority by answering

and I know that I shall place myself in a small and unpopular minority by answering, "No;" yet, in reviewing my observations and experience, that is the only answer I can truthfully give.

Before going among the freedmen, I held in common with others, the idea that they were naturally religious, and that there was both reality and depth in their religious life. "Perfect through suffering," "purified in the fires," were in our minds; and we judged that they who had so greatly suffered must needs be thereby greatly purified, and raised to a higher plane of religious life than we had attained. It seemed that those over whose heads "all the waves and the billows" of sorrow had closed in overwhelming thood, must have laid firm hold upon the only anchor that could sustain them; that those whose very souls were scorched by the acts of homage there performed by worshippers, were chared by these false gods, instead of being given to HIM ONLY.

In Syria and Persia, mosques and tombs
consecrated to the eminent saints there
buried, are never entered without prostration on the threshold. Thus in front of the
manusolcum of Fatima at Koom are inscribed treasures in Henven. And so thinking, we forgot that faith is born of knowledge, and that this was withheld from them; we for-

the highest, were the best Christians.
Our sympathy overruled our judgment, and led us into a great mistake in our work.
In everything else we streve to leach and elevate the freedmen; in this, most important of all, we sat humbly down to be learners instead of teachers. The managers of the societies had the same idea, and frequently, when teachers lamented the loss of privileges, would say, "Whito the colored churches can you church never, apparently, suspecting that there might be any lack of food, mental or spiritusi. It was a mistake born of reverence and bumility, but nevertheless a mistake, and one that cannot now be remedied; for the moulding stage of freedom, when these peoplo were as wax in our hands, has passed. By our presence and silence we sanotioned their extravagances; and they stand now self-confident, proof against remoustrance

and instruction.

The question, "Are the colored people truly and deeply religious?" resolves itself into several questions, which, considered separately, answer this, I think, conclusival.

Can an ignorant religion ever be a high type of religion? Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere; but the majority of them were ignorant as heathens of the objects and feundation of our faith. As one proof of this, I never met one of the freed-courtesy.

men, no maiter what their life and character, who did not claim to be a Christian, hoping to "meet de face ob Heaben in pessed." Other teachers, who have been much among them, have found it the same, and one of the most discouraging features in attempting to make any impression upon them. Opposition may in time be everome; emiling sequisescore is almost hopeless. Easy assurance in the perfect fruit of utter ignorance, and one of its surest preofs.

"Is noisy excitement a proof of religious feeling?" Yet this is almost the early way in which the religion of the colored people maniferse itself. It is very easy to stamp and grown, and shout glery; not so easy to learn understandingly what glory means, and the way to obtain a "good hope" of it. It is easy to call, "jee" now, Lord, come jee' now," without the slightest ides of how the Lord they call hops, does really come, and dwell in the believing bears. It is easy to do and say almost anything in the accidement of a crowd, and what is so said and done, cannot be taken as the genuine feeling of the heart, nor as any proof of the life. The children in our schools would tell done, cannot be taken as the genuine feeling of the heart, nor me any proof of the
life. The children in our schools would tell
us sometimes: "Hetty, or Milly, or Tom,
done got "ligion las" night;"—that is, they
were so worked upon by the excitement
around them, that they acreamed and stamped (having the power they call it), until
worn out, they were carried home exhausted
and fainting. But that was teligion as
they understood it, and these children had
got it.

got it.

Is the habitual use of religious expressions a proof of real religion? The colored people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than anything else, missions who were unaccustomed to them people constantly use such expressions, and this, I think, more than anything else, misled those who were unaccustomed to them. But it will be asked, are not such expressions prompted by religious feeling? Generally, I think not. Why do they use them, then? From habit. A person may not be the least a hypocrite, and yet use such expressions without thought or meaning. I have heard children on their way to school say, "I ain't late dis morning, bress de Lord;" or boys at play, "I didn't loss dat ar marble, tank de Lord fer dat." What prompts these expressions? They repeat what they hear their elders say, and these again speak after the fashion of their people. Is regular attendance at church proof of religious feeling? Not generally among the colored people. It must be remembered that religious meetings were the only change their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one am-sement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feel-

their life in slavery afforded; in fact, their one am sement. What wonder that they flocked to them; and that the pent-up feelings and emotions found here the expression that was denied elsewhers. But they go to the evoning meetings, stamp, shout, have the "power" and get "religion," and the next day fight, and swear, and steal, as they did before, without apparently the slightest recollection of last night's excitement; and at the next evening meeting they will go through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

through the same exercise, with precisely the same results.

But, it is asked, are there no Christians among them? Undoubtedly. These are many who seem to have been directly taught of God, and who show the fruits of that teaching in their lives; but I have invariably found them among the quieter ones. Said an old woman, one of the "poor of this world, rich in faith;"

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can's feel ter do it. I used ter do it.

"Honey, I don't say dat ar ain't all right, but I can't feel ter do it. I used ter do it, an' I ra'ally b'liebed it was de Holy Sperit moving me; but one day I war in a heap o' trouble, 'peared like nuffin' didn't gib me no comfort, an' I prayed to de Lord to comfort me bisself; an' peared like suffin' spoke right in my heart, soft an' quiet like, an' I 'membered how de Lord war not in de wbirlwind, nor in de storm, but in de 'atill, amall voice: 'and I knowed dat ef He spoke small voice; and I knowed dat of He spoke ter us wid a still voice, He want us ter speak ter Him de same way. So, honey, sence dat ar time I never feeled one bit like hollerin' or stampin'."

And so I have almost invariably found it

with those who were Christians in heart and life, as well as in profession. One strong argument against the idea of natural religious feeling in the colored people, is the fact, that as they become educated, it generally decreases. The reaction from excitement to indifference, is natural and sure, and as the circumstances of their lives change this feeling is weakened. Those who have been always, or for many years, free, manifest little of such disposition.

Don't be disturbed if you find the beat seats in a milroad-oar taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course, they did not reserve one. not reserve one.
Should you purchase your ticket at the office a small saving is the result, besides avoiding the hindrance of making change

which many conductors dislike to do. which many conductors dislike to do.

Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors haven't always the time to wait still the portmonnie, pocket and travelling bag are searched, before receiving it.

We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowermost depth of her travelling they when she denth of her travelling they when she

depth of her travelling bag, where she clutched something frantically, and, in blind haste, handed the waiting official a fine-tooth comb, supposing it to be her ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garments.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable

to another you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent ac-companiment, snoring, had better be done

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scont yourself when going to any crowled assembly. Beecher easys "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

When the postmaster hands your mail to

you, don't ask him if "that is all When he says there is no mail for don't reply tartly "there ought to be,"

ask him to look again.

"If you have a box, don't stand drumming on it till the postmaster hands you the contents. Such manifestations of impatience are unpleasant, especially if he is waiting upon somebody clee.

Finally, at all times and in all places, "Whatever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them," for these simple words are the basis of all true courtesy.

-Dealer Co

A GLOOMY LITTLE TALE

BY P. W. ALEXANDER.

There was a little maid,
She had a little bonnet,
She had a little hand
With little rings upon it!
This pretty little maid,
She thought it was her duty
To call in every aid
To ornament her beauty!

This very little maid, O, she was plump and rosy, Bewitchingly arrayed In a little velvet josy; And when she was all dressed In a little hat and feather, Her little feet were pre-sed In little boots of leather !

This charming little maid, She had a little lover; Though she was very small, He was not a bit above her! Sure anch a little pair Were never seen together As they went to the the if As they went to take the air In the pleasant summer we

But little dreams of love
Oppressed this little lover;
He old his little best
Her feelings to discover!
Alas! this little maid
Had little love of sighing,
And gave a little laugh
When he would talk of dying!

At last his little beart At uset his listle heart
Was swelled almost to bursting,
Of all upon this earth
He thought Leve was the worst thing?
His little head conceived
A little plan consuling—
He tied a little cord
In a little knot called "bowline."

Around his little neck Around his little neck
This little noose was catching,
lie kicked away the chair
When nobody was watching!
A little gasp for air,
A little stir and trembling,
His little body hung,
A little corpse resembling.

This rory little maid,
O, she grew pale with terror
When she knew the little end
Of her venfal little error,
For she loved the little man,
With his little paper collar,
And only hers away And only kept away To see if he would follow.

This lovely little maid!
She tried a little weeping,
And sought her little bed
To southe herself by sleeping,
When suddenly she heard
Her chamber door unlocking,
And saw a little chost. And saw a little ghost Walk in with little knocking.

This fearful little chost! He made a little gesture, She left her little couch, With very little vesture;
And through the open door
The little pair together
Passed down into the street,
Though it was chilly weather.

This pretty little maid Has been condemned to follow That awful little ghost With his shadowy paper collar! Until this little world

And all its little beauties Are called to give account Of all their little duties.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT PARM," &c.

> CHAPTER XLL THE LAST AND PINAL WILL.

In the comfortable compathment of a first-class carriage, one of a train that was not as way to Chilling, sat Major Dawkes. It was not a cold day by any means, for spring sunshine lay on the earth, wooling the hedges to start into bud, the flowers to blossom; but Major Dawkes liked to travel warmly, and a rich fur wrapper, lined with wool and scaalte silk, lay on bis knees. His checks were their usual bloom, bis whiskers were of the same old purple richness, and the Major was decidedly getting plump; but he composed his countenance to a grave sadness b. fitting the occasion, for he was hastening down to his wife's death-bed. At least, he would have told you he was

Nay, to welcome it.

In February Mrs. Kage died. Keziah Dawkes, who took upon herself the ordering of matters, let her be buried without any needless ceremony; neither Major Dawkes there will be no difficulty put in the way of their being carried out, observed the Rectural Control of the Co funeral. Caroline seemed not to care one way or the other, and did not interfere; her poor mother was "better off," she said to Mr. Rufort, and it seemed to be her whole the dying have these funcies, you know— In Rufort, and it seemed to be her whole feeling in regard to it. So Kesiah had it all her own way. Later, Mra. Dawkes began herseif to droop again; and when it became apparent that the end was close at hand, Keziah sent up a telegram to her brother. The Major telegraphed back to say he was

MODE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

en duty, but would get away se immediately as he could. He had always made "duty" a standing ples of excuse. Quietly suffering two days to elapse, the Major then went dows.

The first person he saw at Chilling station was Mr. Carlten of the Hall: quite a young man in activity still, in spite of his more than seventy years. He happened to be on the pintform when Major Dawhen alighted. The latter (privately wishing him a hundred miles off) went up with outstretched hand and a face as long as a walking-stick, mournfully boping his dear wife was better.

"She is dead," said Mr. Carlton, privately believing just as much and as little of the displayed concern as he chose. "Dead! My wife dead!"

"She died at five o'clock this morning, Major Dawhes. So you are somewhat late, you see. Some of us thought you might have been coming earlier."

"Duty," groaned the Major, belting into the only fly waiting. "Dear me! Histograd, see to my poutmantenn."

Keshah, gray in face as ever, but in-

the only fly waiting. "Dear me! Bisseard, see to my postmanseau."

Kraish, gray in face as ever, but intensely calm, received him in one of the smallest and snuggest sitting rooms. He went through the same farce here—the plea of "duty." She believed just as much as she chose; but ahe held his hund in hers, and surmured her beastfelt thanks that he, her ever-beloved brother, was free at last. "Got any of the brown sherry up, Keslah?"

"I'll take some."
Miss Dawkes went and brought it in herself. The Major drauk two glasses of it at
ouce, Kesiah fondly watching him.
"All's right, I suppose, Kesiah?"
"All's quite right. But I don't exactly
know what you mean."
"She expressed no wish at the last about
the property, I suppose?"
"None. It was the same as usual to the
last hour of her life—utter indifference to
all worldly things. She never mentioned her
property at all; I feel sure she did not so
much as think of it,"
"All's mine, then."

much as think of it,"

"All's mine, then."

"Everything, Barby dear, everything."

The Major toused off another glass of the famous brown sherry—the same that Mr. Cantarbury in his life-time used to beaat of.

Canterbury in his life-time used to boast of, Major Dawker's head was streng; a few gla-ses more or less of good old wine made no difference to him.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline had no opportunity of making a will, Keriah. She might have got bequeathing some of her money to those Canterbury women."

"As if I should have allowed it!" responded Keriah. "Barnaby, it is an immense inheritance."

The Major smasked his lips; partly at the sherry, partly at the suggestive thought. He liked to be reminded that he was a millionaire.

lionaire.

"You shall have a share in it, Kes. I shall set you up in comfort for life. This is real property, you see; what I came into when I married was but a limited income."

when I married was but a limited income."
Keziah smiled. "Limited!"
"Well, it was; in comparison. The bulk
of the property lay in Kage's hands then, as
the chilu's trustee. I wonder what he'll
think now—hang him! Have you seen anything of the fellow lately?"
"No. He has not been down since that
one visit. When Mrs. Dunn weat up to her
house in London for Christmas, she took the
Miss Canterburys with her; and they have
not long come back again. Lydia Dunn is
with them. Kege has written to Caroline
two or three times, but she gave me the letters to answer."

two or three times, but and a term term to answer."

"What was in his letters?"

"Nothing much. Inquiries after health, and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all

and that. It is all right, Barby; it has all been smooth as glass."

Barby stroked bis whiskers complacently. Yes, it had all been smooth, his hear's responded, and he was a vast inheritor.

"I wish to goodness that miserable old woman was alive now, Kexiah; our ancient aunt. She'd open her eyes at my wealth. Her own, that she grudged me, was a lleabite by the side of it."

"I wish she was. Barby. "Twould give

bite by the side of it."
"I wish she was, Barby. 'Twould give her a fit of the spleen."
There was a short pause. Major Dawkes tursed and gave the fire a knock with his

turned and gave the fire a knook with his boot.

"Did she suffer much at the last?"

"O no," was the reply, for Keziah knew he was speaking of his wife. "She drifted out of life very quietly and calmly."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Rufort. Hearing of the Major's arrival, he had come up to see him, having been charged with a note from Mrs. Dawkes. The Mujor took it wonderingly, perhaps with some inward trepidation; but it proved to be a very harmless missive indeed—merely expressing some wishes about

were of the same old purple richness, and the Major was decidedly getting plump; but he composed his count nance to a grave sadness be fitting the occasion, for he was haatening down to his wife's death-bed.

At least, he would have told you he was hastening—as he did incidentally tell the old lady and gentleman seated opposite to him in the carriage—for he was rather given to induge in little boasts of flotion. But the real fact was, that instead of hastening down, he had so contrived to retard his movements, that the closing scene would in all probability be over before he arrived. Which was what he secretly wished.

Miss. Dawkes had lingered longer than was expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by any one about her. Strange somewhat to ray, with the cold weather of the winter she had rallied a little. If it could not be said that she grew materially batter, at least she did not appear worse; her progress to the grave seemed to have made a halt—to have become for the time stationary. But the life she led was not any the less secluded; with the exception of the doctors and Mr. Rufort, she scarcely saw any one; visitors to her were, she acknowledged, utterly distasteful. The former restlessness of mind and manuer had subsided, and given place to a still calmness. Very peacefully did she seem to wait for the coming death. Nay, to welcome it.

In February Mrs. Kage died. Keziah

mistake over it."

But, in one sense, he had been at Mr. Canterbury's funeral. For he had watched the pageant along the road, and made his commonts. The recollection flashed into his mind now, bringing a flush to his face. His hope less condition then, and his flourishing state now, were indeed a strange contrast.

"Who conducts the funeral?" he asked, turning to Keziah.

"I have given no orders," she replied. "I waited for you."

"I wonder who conducted Mr. Canterbury's?"

"I cen tell you about that," said the Rector. Young Mrs. Canterbury was inex.

Rector. Young Mrs. Canterbury was inex-perfenced; and at her request Norris, the suffictor, undertook all the trouble of it, transmitting her wishes himself to the pro-per quarters. Of course he charged for his time."

"Then I think Norris had better undertake this one," spoke the Major, in a fit of liberality. "You can write to him, Kestah."

"Then I think Norris had better undertake this one," spoke the Major, in aft of liberality. "You can write to him, Keriah."

In his anxiety that things should go smoothly, that all uspleasant reminiscences of the past should be kept down, as well as reflections on the present Major Dawkes was sagerly desirous that these wishes of his wife's should be carried out to the letter. A conviction darted across him that it would be anything but agreeable to have the Canterbury family at the Rock on the day of the funeral, and he would very much indeed dislike the presence of Thomas Kage; but there was no help for it. If he retured compliance, how could be tell that something would not be made of it?—tongues were so venomous: and the very idea of any inquiry or unpleasantness turned him nick with an undefined fear. Refuse concession in this little matter, and people might but ask how he had come into all the money, and what right he had to it. No; the v.r.y consciousness that it might be suspected he had wished for his wife's death, made him all the more scrupulous, if only from prudential considerations, to carry out her wishes to the extreme letter. Had they been transmitted to him in private, he would simply have put them and the paper they were written on into the nearest fire; but they came publicly, shrough the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rutort.

"I should have refused, Barnaby, had I been you, remarked Kesiah, as she fluished the note to Mr. Norrie, after they were left alone. "It will be frightfully disagreeable to have the Canterbury family here."

"You are a fool, Kesiah."

"For myself I don't mind; but I am sure you will not like it, Barby, dear, she_reaumed, passing over in silence the compliment to hereelf.

"Dun't you see 'there was ne help for it?"

"You are a fool, Kesiah."

"For myself i don't mind; but I am sure you will not have been floating in her wookened head, poor creature," surmised Kesiah." "She was Mr. Canterbury's wife once, and would not have his daughters quite ignored at her funeral. I

let the Rock."
"I shall sell it," said the Major, improving upon the auggestion. "If I can get my
price for it."

He rather wished with Keziah that the He rather wished with Keziah that the funeral-day was over; and it was fixed for an early one. The presence of those ladies and of Thomas Kage would no doubt a little put him out of ease. But it could not last more than its appointed hours, and he determined to make the best of it; and act the host with courteous grace. The anticipation did not disturb him; he was in too gracious a mood for that, His golden dreams were at last realized, and with the death of his wife all tormenting dread had passed away. This magnificent mansion and its magnificent revenues were his; his only, as Keziah said; it was a coulty hugget to have come into: and that there could be any doubt that he had come into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed Major Dawkes's mind.

Major Dawkes's mind.

Once more a stately funeral issued from the Rook. In one respect Major Dawkes ignored his dead wife's commands, and abandoned the simplicity she had expressed a wish for. If the funeral procession was not quite of the gorgeous nature that had characterized Mr. Canterbury's, the show was at least sumptaous to look at. In a coach all to himself, following next the hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with hearse. characterized Mr. Canterousy, was at least sumptuous to look at. In a coach all to himself, following next the hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with hearse, sat the bereaved Major, black with heart strappings of wos. Is the next were Thomas Kage and Austin Rufort; the latter attending as mourner and relative to the attending as mourner and relative to the And so on a string of the coach, that I am one of the coach, t

cepted the invitation to the Rock, very much to Major and Miss Dawkea's secret surprise, as well as to to at of the neighbor-hood. The only one of them who had fought against it was Mrs. Duon. Millicent was hood. The only one of them who had fought against it was Mrs. Duon. Millicent was pussive as usual. Olive decided that they should go. After this day, all connection with the Rock and with the second family would be at an end, she observed; and it copy. "To guard against possible accidents," Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with feeling about it. Besides which, it was the

So the four sisters, attired in suitable mourning, arrived at the Book a short wine before the hour fixed on for the faueral. They sat in the grand drawing-room—Olive, Mrs. Rutort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicont. Keriah acep black, also was there, playing the hostess. Civility reigned, of course; but, in spite of effort, the conversation flagged, only a remark being made now and then. Once Mrs. Dunn, in her free way, found fault with some arrangement at the loge, saying their carriage had waiter the son whater the son whater the son whater the loges, saying their carriage had waiter the loges of the fingers of his sole command! And now—all had been dashing his hair from his dama brow.

Mr. Norris opened the deed and put on his spectacles.

The will began by premising the carriages away, through the inig the carriages away through that it could be reality. A man of almost unlimited wealth when he inig the carriages away, through the inig the carriages away, through the inig the carriages away there in inig

half of any wish, expressed by my dear departed wife, I can but look upon as a solemn charge, strictly to be compiled with. Perhaps you will oblige me by giving in the list of people yourself, Mr. Rufort; I was not at Mr. Canterbury's funeral, and might make a mistake ever it."

But, is one sense, he had been at Mr. Canterbury's funeral. For be had watched the pageant along the road, and made his continuous. The resolication flashed into his mind monis. The resolication flashed into his mind to make the conches were coming back at last, with their slow tread, bearing the immediate parsonal friends of the family. The comparative strangers were taken home direct from the churchyard.

"Who conducts the funeral?" he asked,

tive strangers were taken home direct from
the churchyard.

As the coaches, stopped at the entrance,
Major Dawkes (who had been privately
hoping nobody would alight) found that
every one did alight, and that Norris, the
solicitor, was taking upon himself to the
reter one and would have liked to resent
the company to enter. The Major burned
rather red, and would have liked to resent
the liberty; but, in the face of the gentlemen, could not say he did not want them
to come in. While he hesitated, Mr.
Norris walked forward, threw open the door
of the library—a room scarcely used since
Mr. Canterbury's time—and marshalled the
people to it; Lord Rofort and his son, Mr.
Canton, and Mr. Kage. Msjor Dawkes
brought up the rear, and positely asked
them if they would like to sit down. He
could not imagine why they need have
entered, or what fit of officiousness had
taken Norris.

But Norris had disappeared. Only for
an instant, when he came in with the Indice
—Mr. Canterbury's daughters and Keriah.
They all sat down; and then the lawyer addressed Msjor Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the
will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, Major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. Bhe wrote to me a few days before her death, stating that it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the old leases and the other out-of-date papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke; but the widower smiled with isoredulity. The attention of the whole room was aroused, and drawn to Mr. Norris.

"There is no will, I tell you," persisted the Major. "My wife never made one."

"Major Dawkes, she did."

"When and where?"

"In this house, some mosthe ago," repiled the lawyer. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes half rore from her seat. Her gray face had a scornfal look on it; the gruffness of her voice was unpleasantly perceptible.

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; I can take upon mysalf to asert it; and you

Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house;

graffness of her voice was unpleasantly paroceptible.

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; I can take upon mysaif to asert it; and you never were here, Mr. Norria."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came hers and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions for a will. When it was prepared, I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

The words were spoken so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the Major wastarled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false!" she oried, utterly refusing oredence, "It is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights, Barnaby. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will: she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognisant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own bouse: certainly was not parmitted to be so much alone as she desired to be. She therefore retired to the couth wing, and caused the balse door to be erected to shut in her spartments. This, so far, is patent to you and to all. Later, when she had occasion to see a friend or two in private, she ordered the small postern-door to be unfastened. It leads direct up to those apartments, and by that means she was enabled to receive her wisiters. They were coufined however to one or two. That is how I got access to her."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes, after taking in the sense of the lawyer's words with a sickening heart. "What postern-door? I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not, madam. You are, comparatively speaking, a stranger here. The door is hidden by trees, and has never been used of late years."

Major Dawkes, amidst a multitude of feelings that were anything but agreeable, began wondering whether he had ever known of the postern-door. At first he could not the postern-door.

began wondering whether he had ever known of the postern-door. At first he could not decide; but a thought began to dawn over him that he did once hear of this, and had

L. Id Rufort sat still in his char, too stately to be moved by that, or by any other information; and there was a pauso.

"We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes. Major Dawkes was at bay.

"My lord, there is no will. I will equally

their being carried out," observed the Rector.

"None in the world," heartily replied the Major.

"She seemed to make a great point of it—the dying have these fancies, you know—and begged me to see them carried out. I told her I could only urge it upon you, Major, and that she had better write to you herself."

The world will began by premising that no perfound fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be conducted. The will began by premising that no perfound fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be conducted. The will began by premising that no perfound fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be conducted. The will began by premising that no perfound fault with some arrangement at the lodge, saying their carriage had waited at least three minutes for the gates to be can deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice.

"The keeper is getting negligent," objusted the act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice.

"The keeper is getting negligent," objusted the act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice.

"The keeper is getting negligent," objusted the is act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice act and deed, biassed by a sense of justice.

"Stay, Barnaby," she interposed. "The fault wonght the nist charge him. There are several alterations there was a command that the remains of and changes he means to make; but he her little boy should be brought from the thought it as well to let them be during Mrs. Dawkea's life."

Ay. But then his memory had played him treacherously.

"It appears to me to be just one of those unhappy chances of life for which there is

Mr. Norris then cleared his throat, and the Major turned red with expectation.

"I bequeant this manolos, the Rock, and all that is contains,—piede, Turniture, books, pictures, together with the lands and revenues pertaining to it,—to Olive Canterbury, abcolutely. I bequeant the whole of the money of which I may die possessed, the remainder of the lands, the bouses (ave and except the Rock) to the four daughters of my late husband, George Canterbury, to be shared by them in equal portions. I bequeath to Thomas Rage my gold watch and chain, with the locket, key, and seal attached; and I beg him to accept them as a token of gratitude for his unvarying kindness to me and his solicitude for tay heast welfars. And I bequeath to my present husband, Barneby Dawkes, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, wherewith to purchase a mourning-ring, which he will wear in remembrance of the will.

An intense silence prevailed in the room. The surprise of all present was to great, what every tongue was tied. Only with their ayes did people look at each other, and scenned to question whether it was a dream. Major Dawkes sat, a pitiable object to look upon, like nuite a man who has received his death-blow. Surdowly the perspiration, great drope of it, began breaking one on his livid face. Was it the fact of his eatire disinheritance, or the peculiar silusion to Thomas Canterbury, thus caused his face to wear that deathly hue? He was a ruined man: yesterday he stood on a high pinancle, vaunting his wealth and position: to-day he was hurled from it, and nuired from it forever. He felt reckless. "I dispute the will!" cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Norris, "you will take my inatraotions preparatory to setting it saide."

Mr. Norris smiled. "You forget that I am solicitor to the Canterbury, family.—I presume I may say so much I be added, urning to Miss Canterbury. The Mr. Norris, "I dispute the will!" cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Rorris, "you will take my inatraotions preparatory to setting it aside no plain will like that, Majo Mr. Norris then cleared his throat, and

offended your wife, as to be cut off with nothing."

"Very strange indeed," remarked Lord Refort. And "Very strange indeed!"murmured everybody else, with the exception of the lawyer and Thomas Kage.

Mr. Rufert stepped forward, and held out a small parcel towards Mr. Kage.

"It is the legacy mentioned in the will," said be; "the watch and chain. Mrs. Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you."

Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you."

And Thomas Kage rose and took it, a vivid flush of bygons recollections dyeing his face.

"I wonder you had not a better memento than that; a good thumping sum of money, for instance," exclaimed the unceremonions Mr. Carlton to Thomas Kage. "You were her neatest relative, save her mether; her only relative living. The chronometer is valuable, but counts for nothing as a legacy."

"In legacies from friends we do not look at value, Mr. Carlton," was Thomas Kage's reply, given in a low tone.

But Miss Dawkes, only now beginning to recover her scared senses, could not let the matter rest. She must fight it out to the last.

inat.

"When my brother gives it as his spinion that this will has been concocted, he only states what is no doubt the fact. Perhaps you were her adviser, sir ?" turning sharply on Mr. Rufort.

states what is no doubt the fact. Perhaps you were her advisor, air ?" turning sharply on Mr. Rufort.

"Indeed, no," Mr. Rufort quietly replied;
"I had nothing to do with the will in any way. Mrs. Dawkes once said to me that her pecuniary affairs were settled, and that is all I ever heard. Had anyone asked me, previous to this hour, to whem her fortune was most likely left, I should have answered, to her husband. I never supposed there was a doubt that he would have it."

"Were you one of the visitors we now hear of sneaking in through the postern-door?" continued the aagry lady.

"Certainly not. There was no necessity. I never knew the postern-door had been unfastened. Allow me to remind you, Miss Dawkes, that you invariably made a third at my interviews with Mrs. Dawkes, up to the last, "pointedly concluded Mr. Rufort. "Had she wished for any private conversation with me, or I with her, the opportunity was not afforded for it."

True, very true. Kerish drew in her thin lips as she mentally acknowledged it. And oh, of what avait had been all the precaution? Of all moment's of Kerish's past life, this perhaps was the most hopelessly miserable.

A general rise to leave shortly took place; A general rise to leave shortly took place; to say the truth, neither the Canterbury family nor the Dawkses felt at ease. That this was but a restitution of the justice so long diverted, Olive knew; but it seemed to be harder than it need have been on Major Dawkes. Unless—a suspicion was crossing her mind that she started from with horror; and would willingly have put far away, but that thoughts are not under our own con-

Mr. Norris approached the Major. "You will be prepared to give up possession at your earliest convenience, Major," he said. "Not at your inconvenience, you know; I am sure Miss Cauterbury would not wish that."

not wish that."

And perhaps, of all the shocks he had received during the past half-hour, this practical one was the most startling. Give up possession? Ay, give up possession of all: Major Dawkes's day was over.

It seemed impossible to realize it. Watching the carriages away, through the half-raised blind, it seemed simply impossible that it could be reality. A man of almost

Pode C

tone low from intense inward pela. "I'd asser have failed you. Barnaby, fair play being given me; but how could I combat with shadows that I did not know were

with shadows that I did not know were there?"
Must be give all up? Was there no possible loophole by which be could right matters again—or at least fight for it? The Major was deeply sugaged in this mental coloulation when Mr. Korris some into the room. Instead of departing with the others, he had rounded to give sendry private charges to Nosl, as to the looking closely after valuables. He trusted neither the Major nor Miss Dawkes.

"I have resolved upon my course of conduct," apoke the Major, overcoming his surprise; for he too thought Mr. Norris had departed. "Mrs. Dawkes was, beyond all doubt, incane when she made the will; that is, so mestally weakened as not to be of lucid capacity. On those grounds, I shall dispute it."

dispute it."
Rr. Norrie sent Bliss Dawken from the recom, aaging that he must speak a word to her brother in private. He made the Major sit down, and drew a chair for himself in

as prevention," resumed Kreitab, her is ferm fateuse invased price. It is a seven intermed.

If ferm fateuse invased price. It is a seven in the sev her brother in private. He made the Major ait down, and drew a chair for himself is front of him.

"Look here, Major Dawkes," he whispered is a coutious tone; "your best and only policy will be to give up quietly. I say this for your own sake. Lying down deep in a cheet of mine is another paper of your wife's, not a will. She wrote it lest some such contingency as what you speak of should arise. I have not read it; it is signed and seeled; and my word is passed to your dead wife that that paper shall never see the light of day, and that buman eye shall never rest on its contents, unless you force it. It contains a full and explicit statement of the causes and reasons for her dislaberiting you. I guess what they are; in fact, I gathered them from her, perhaps nuistentionally on her part, when she was giving me the directions for her will. I fancy Mr. Kage could say something, and the nurse-girl Judith. This is private information to you. Take my sivice: we lawyers have to give such semetimes, you know; and I shall never speak of it to living sout. That paper, is your own solemu interests, must not be dislodged from its resting-place. You, perhaps, know what the consequences will be: it would not be a

soul. That paper, in your own solema interests, must not be dislodged from its resting-place. You, perhaps, know what the consequences will be: it would not be a question of the loss of property thee, Major, but of something more. If I speak plainly, it is for your own sake. Make no fight; don't sir up muddy waters."

The Major's eyes were best on the ground, and his face were again its livid tings. But Mr. Norria, necusioned to read countemances, saw that all idea of opposition was perforce abandoned. Oh, they were bitter—the pills that unhappy sinner had to swallow? "And you will give up possession, Major. Miss Canterbury said at your convenience; I say do it seen. It will be more agreeable for you, I feel sure, to be away from here. What I looked in to say was, that I considered it my duty to piace Neel in obarge, as it were, of the family valuables and that. This is a very exceptional case, you see, Major Dawkes; so I hope you will pardon exceptional measures. And look here: I have no ill-will to you, heaven knows. Man gets led into all sorts of queer corners thoughtlessly; and if I can du you a good turn, I will. Miss Canterbury is of a noblygenerous nature, and I think she'd do something for you, if she were asked. There!"

The lawyer disappeared with the last words, waiting for neither comment nor answer. Major Dawkes sat on, still as a statue, plunging into a vista of the future—a future encompossed about with the stings of remorse and bitter di-appointment. What had he guined by that dark deed he had accomplished in secrecy and silence? Not the gold in Uvepia, the larunfour freedom he had pictured to himself; but poverty, and

complished in secrecy and silence? Not the golds I Utopia, the luxurious freedom he had pictured to himself; but poverty, and guilt, and shame. His wife gone—her money gone—the Rock gone—position gone—all the good things were wrested from him for ever? And Major Dawken started up wildly, and pulled at his hair with veregeful hands, as the thought suddenly flashed over him that, but for that woful deed, he would have been reveiling in them yet.

have been reveiling in them yet.

It is often thus, Satan lures us on to commit evil that good may come, and then turns on us with a morking laugh. Of all men living, perhaps, Najor Dawkes was in that hour the most miscrable.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION. Thomas Kage had quitted the Rock in the Miss Canterburys' carriage; Mrs. Dunn would go with the Rector and his wife. Searcely a word was spoken on the way home. The strange event of the day seemed very startling yet.

come in?" be asked when he Shall I "Shall I come in?" he asked when he had assisted them to alight. And he spoke it wish so much deprecation, that Olivo looked at him.
"Shall you!" she repeated; "why should you not?"

you not !"
"What has passed this morning bars my right to do so -- at least, on the previous footing," he continued when they had en-tered. "Millicent," he added, turning to tered. "Militiment," he added, turning to her, "this is a cruel blow; for it ought, in justies, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for "
"Went now?" oried Olive.

"I possess, by diatof scraping and saving, thousand pounds laid by is the bank, to urchase chairs and tables. Millicent is ow worth, at least, a hundred thousand how much more, I dare not guess. Can I is honor, stid hold her to her promise to be

is honor, and none has so see possessions of the corne my wife?"

Alitheant Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and sick, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined

to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barneter—looking forward to the Wooleach, no doubt, in his own van heart—any that a handred thousand pounds was a thing to reject or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million air?"

ject or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ay, Miss Canterbury indeed! Look at Leta. I dareasy she has had her visions, as well as you. The Lord Chancellor and his wig rule Rogland, and she rules the Lord Chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious idealities for the far-off future. No slight temptation to a young lady, let me slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you, Mr Kage. And now you want to

who had been turned out of it; for Miss.

"I gis the money which upsets it."

"Pour rebid!" cried Olive, advancing and stroking Millicent's hair; "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you alone nose; and I am sure I will not give you one. I would harbor a rejected and formalized damaed at the Bock."

"You are making a joke of it," he said; "You have said; "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you alone, For this was the wedding-day—as might be seen by the gay carriages non-ing to and lare to one, where all the manuscripts he seen by the gay carriages non-ing to and fro, and the gate dresses within them. In posed, had the printers not rebelled, were vain Millicent had pleaded for a quiet wed-

STATE OF STA

Thomas Kage nad various again.

"One thing strikes me as being remarkably corions," pursued Lydia Dunn. "That Mrs. Gars'on at the last altered her will, so that the pittance she left the Major should be paid to him weekly. It was just as though she forceaw what has come to pass, and would secure him from absolute starvation.

tion.
"Yes, that was curious," warmly assented Thomas Kage, a strange light in his ne eves. 'It strikes me that you know more than you will tell us, Mr. Kage," she rejoined, auddenly.
"That I know more? What of?"

"That I know more?" What of?"

"Why, of the reason for Mrs. Dawkee's
cutting him off. He was her husband; nobody can deny that. I see you won't admit
anything, Mr. Kage. You law-; cople are
closer than wax. But I have my own
thoughts about it now and again. Odd ones,
too."

"I cannot help feeling sorry for Major Dawkee," observed Olive. "His present position must be a pitiable one. As to its cause—I mean his wife's motive—I do not think we are called upon to speculate upon 1. Tudia."

think we are called upon to speculate upon it, Lydia."

"He'll quit the army—that's a ma'ter of course," went on Lydia. "He and Keriah will club their means together, and go over the water and live. You'll see. He has his four pounds a week; she has about the same. They won't quite starve."

"No, I must take care of that," murmured Miss Canterbury. "I think, with Mr. Carlton, that it is very strange Caroline lefs nothing to you," ahe added to Thomas Kage. "I have a suspicion that you prevented it yourself."

"I toid her I would not accept it if she did."

did. But why?"

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not Caroline's to leave; and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property?"

"A small slice of it would not have been missed." "Perhaps not," he said; "but I had no

"Perhaps not," he said; "Dut I und no claim to a slice, small or large. No; I would not have accepted a shilling." "Well, you are fastidious," oried Olive, looking at him; "chivalrously honorable." "I think I am only just, Miss Canter-

"But, ob, what a strange thing it is, that our own money should have come back to us!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I cannot yet realize it: when I wake up to-

cannot yet realise it: when I wake up tomorrow morniog, I shall not believe it's
true. It did not bring altogether luck or
nappiness to those to whom it was left when
paps disubscited his own paople."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage: and he know it, far better than
she did. "Be assured of one thing, Miss
Casterbury: that an unjust will never prospers the inheritors. All my experience in
it's has proved it to me."

And do you be assured of it also, my readers, for it is a stern truth. Look out for
your-elves in life, and mark those casse.
Years may go by, all apparently flourishing,
justice may seem to have flegging wings;
but when the final result shall come—as it
surrely will—you will see what it brings.
Over and over again has the bitter truth
be en spoken—"It brought no blessing with
it."

Summer sunshine lay around the Rock; summer brightness glistened on it. The old family were within its walls again, and wrongs had been righted. There had been no trouble: Major Dawkes had given up early possession, betaking himself off one morning quietly with Kesiah at his beels. He was no longer Major now, except by conteay. As Mrs. Dunn predicted, he had made haste to sell out of the army, never again to re-exter it; and had taken up his residence across the Chuncel with his sister, on a very fair and sufficient innome. Were men generally rewarded here in accordance with their deserts, Major Dawkes might perhans have confuseed to himself that, after all, he was more lucky than he deserted to be.

Asserved to be.

Not quite all the family back at the Bock who had been turned out of it; fur Miss canterbury alone was left of them. Mrs. Rufort was at the Rectory; Millicant was

Pales Hair.

The price of false hair in England has gone up four hundred per cent, within the last few years, and the amount now used is four times as great, so that sixtest times as great, so that sixtest times as four times as great, so that sixteen times as much money was spent upon this article of adornment in 1800 as was devoted to it in 1857. Mr. Parhineon—a recent writer on the subject—visited one of the large warehouses devoted to it, in which buge canvasacks, each weighing one handred and fifty pounds, and containing about six hundred heads of hair, were standing unpacked, and he informs us that the contents of each each gave out a close and fusty smell, suggesting some furrier's estublishment where none but coarse and common furs are sold. It seems gave out a closs and fusty smell, suggesting some furrier's estublishment where none but occare and common furs are sold. It seems that gray or white hair is the most valuable, and that false hair which is long as well as gray commands the highest price, being worth as much as two guineas an ounce; whereas, the very best black or brown is priced at from eighteen shillings to a guinea, and the best flazen at about a guinea and half. We are glad to hear that no hair-dresser who respects himself will purchase hair which has been cut from the head of a corpse, there being a certain deadness and harsbness, which an experienced hand recoguises immediately, about all tresses which have not been taken from a living subject. On the question of dyeing, Mr. Parkinson says that male alga have gone out of fashion, because, where men used to shave the head and wear a wig when they were turning gray, they new dye their hair; and where they are hald they grow a beard, and, if necoesary, dye it; the process through which they have to go being very different from that which was in vogue is the days of oil, when a man had to sit is scolusion, with his head covered with lime-powder and cabbage-leaves, till his hair changed from gray to class, or sometimes, as happened in the case of Mr. Titmouse, to blue.

Strawberry Rose Trees

This is a freak of the Parisian florist, and has proved quite successful, producing a pretty novelty. Boses blustoming and strawberries fruiting on the same stem gretifies both sight and tasta. In the autumn, a few common roose of good kinds on their roots are planted in pote at the same time a wellare planted to pots, at the same time a well-rooted strawberry wise, in good bearing condition, is placed wish each rose and planted just beneath the stem of the rose. It is well known that the runners of the strawberry soon make their own roots, and ted to pa

strawberry soon make their own roots, and in due time the runners are cut off, making these cuts as for a scion, and theu grafted into the ro-e stem without cutting the runner from the parent plact in the ground. They should be cultivated with great care to induce the nan upward to the scions, outting off all blossoms and many leaves from the parent plant. Thus treated, the strawberries will blossom and boar perfect fruit upon the rose tree for some time, and present a most attractive appearance. nt a most attractive appearance.

THE Quarterly Review, in its recent article on "The Aims of Modern Medicion," finds a spark of genuine truth in the following ex-planation of recent changes in practice. A student was asked how it is that "fever on to be bled to excess, an patients used once to be blod to excess, and are now-a-days supplied with beef and brandy, without so much difference as we might expect being found in the bills of mortality?" The examiner of course expected to brar something about what is called the change of type in disease, but the reply was, "It reems to me that our positionis are much tougher than we take them for!"

The German translations of Dickens have made his works popular all over Germany. He is always mentioned by his early num-de-plume, Bos, which the Germans after the analogy of their language invariably pronounce Bots. They think the Bogli-h a strange language, to spell a man's name Dickens and call him Bots!

The Saturday Evening Post.

FROM "THE PROOF-SHEET."

FROM "THE PROOF-SHEET."

In the spring of 1821, Robert S. Coffin had attained some reputation as a poet under the nom de plume of the "Boston Bard." He had been a compactor in the office of The Village Racerd, at Weat Cheeter, Pa., where he wrote nome staness on "A Blind Girl," which enlisted popular aympathy from the fact of their having been put in type by a blind compositor, daughter of Mr. Miner, then publisher of the Record. Mr. Coffin came to Philadelphia and issued proposals for a literary paper to be called The Rec. After he procured about two bundred subscribers, the subscription list came into the hands of Charles Alexander, then a recont graduate of Endariah Poulsou's Dody Adecriber. Mr. Alexander associated himself with Samuel C. Atkinson, of the firm of Hall & Atkinson's (encouraged to Hall & Pierie), carrying on the printing business in the office once compled by Senjamin Franklia, "back of No. 58 Mathet street." In this office, the firm of Atkinson & Alexander commenced the publication of the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, the first number appearing on the 4th of August, 1831—the defunct Sec forming the nucleus of the new enterprise. The "Boston Bard" died of consumption a few years afterwards, at his last hours being passed in reviving the proof-sleets of a volume of his poems.

The office back of No. 58 Market street,

Mass, his last hours being passed in revising the proof-sheets of a volume of his poems.

The office back of No. 53 Market street, four or five doors below flecom istreet, was a medium-sized two-story brick, the first floor occupied as a press-room, with two of Patrick Lyon's presser; the recond story divided into two composing-rooms, and the attic used as the editor's private quarters.

The original editor of THE Powr was T. Cottell Clarke, who withdrew in 1836 and established the Ladies' Album, a weekly literary miscellary, which was subsequently, under the management of Robert Morris, merged into the Penneylsonia Jaguirer. On the appearance of the Album, the Powr was enlarged—thus paying a compilment to the energy and talent of its retiring editor, whose new paper promised to prove a formidable rival. Mr. Clarke was snoozeded as editor by Morton McMichael, who subsequently become the first editor of the old Saturday Courier, and now publishes the North American and United States Gasetts.

The old office, long since demolished, contained in the second story the identical press at which Franklin had exercised his skill, and which now finds a resting place among the curious relics in the Patent Office at Washington. Over the entrance to the composing-room was this "Warming." for the benefit of medilescine visitors, probably written by Franklin him-elf:—

"All you who come this curious art to see, To headle anything must centions here."

"All you who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be;
Lest by a slight touch, are you are aware,
That mischief may be done you can't repair.
Le I this advice we give to every stranger:
Look on and welcome, but to touch there's
danger."

danger."

This paper, even no late as 1831, was worked off with the laborious manipulation of wist-dislocating ink halls, and a clumey beating of forms that brings out the perspiration even to think of, in our roller dys; while the orude press of Patrick Lyon and even the improved Columbian and the Washington, taxed the pressumm's strength from Frieng nuon—constitues all night and far into the next day—to work off what would now be a very moderate edition.

While the advent of a new paper required a supply of new type, the old stock was not melted up, but what was then looked upon as the "old Franklin tyre" was carefully preserved. One use, and perhaps the latest to which it was put, was in the hands of a revered compositor, who set up his own translation of the New Testament, the proofs being taken on the old Franklin press. This was the Rev. Dr. Abner Kneeland, a Universalist theted.

proofs being taken on the old Franklin press. This was the Rev. Dr. Abner Kneeland, a Universalist theologian, an able and popular preacher in that day.

In 1828, Mr. Atkinson became sole proprietor of the Post, and employed Benjamin Mathias as editor, who subsequently become, with Joshna I. Taylor, the founder of The Siturday Chronicle. Leaving types for politics, Mathias was elected to the State Legislature, and for several assions presided as Speaker of the Benate, and was the author of Mathias's Legislative Manual—a most useful work. He died a few years since at his residence on View street above Tenth. Prominent among the subsequent oditors, we may name Charles J. Peterson, flutus W. Griswold, H. Hastungs Weld, and Heary Peterson.

Rufus W. Griswold, H. Hastings Weld, and Heary Peterson.

In 1827, the office of the Post was removed from Market street to No. 112 Chestont street, between Third and Fourth In 1833, to No. 36 Carter's Alley (the northern and of Dr. Jayne's building now occupies the site.) In 1840, to the recond floor of the old Ledger building, S. W. corner of Third and Chestont streets. In 1848, to No. 66 cand. Third streets over the North Americans. and Coesans streets. In 1985, to No. so south Tuird street, over the North Ameri-can office. In 1860, it was removed to its present location, No. 319 Wainut street. Mr. Attinson continued the pathysation until November, 1859, when he sold to John

untal November, 1839, when he sold to John B. Du Bolle and George R. Graham. Mr. Du Solle remained connected with the paper but a few months, and was succeeded by Cuarles J. Peters. ——the firm name boing George R. Graham & Co. 1u 1842, these gentiumen sold to Samuel D. Patterson & Co., who, in March, 1848, discoved of the ext. blush ment to Elimind Descon and Henry Peterson, and the whom het previous and the product of the set. each of whom had previously ewsel a por-tion. In 1857, the folio form was abandone for the present quarto, and the old familiar bead was replaced by the more claberate one of which we present a reduced fac-

simile.

Under the judicious management of Mr. Peterson, now the sole owner, the Post is enjoying, is its old age, a high degree of prosperity; a large share of which is probably due to the fact that is has been a favorite victor is thousands of dwellings throughout all the older states for a period lacking but one year of half a century. During this time, many younger literary journals have been united with it. Among these were The Saturday News, published by Louis A.

**istal inherited the remains of the old Pennsylvania Garctic office, which his grandfather, David Hall, perchaved from Franklin in 1765.

**assumed C. Attinson was unioritantic in business, and in his old age was employed as a journeyman compositor in the office of T. K. Collins, in the building (Na. 765 Aprase street) in which The root-Shoot is now printed. The writer of the estricies, them an apprentice, remembers him as portly, bunrolent looking gontieman, quict but pleasant, who hore his reverse with a cheartinose that does not always accomman success. Mr. Arkinson's last newspaper venture in this city was about the sear last, when he published The Tumperance Advocate, in Third street near Dock.

Godey & Cn.; The Saturday Chronicle, by Mathias & Taylor; and The United States, published in 1841-'42 by Swain, Abril & Simmons, the founders of the Public

problehed in 1841-42 by Swain, Abell & Edimons, the founders of the Public Ledger.

The Forr is the oldest of the Family Newspapers, and for many years had a monopoly of its opecial field. Nearly all the prominent writers of the ownerty, for the last fifty years, have contributed to its columns, and the raputations of many were establi-hed through its agency; but many who glowed wish pride as they aw their maiden efforts in its pages, now sleep forgetten is unknown graves.

Of the English authors, Mr. G. P. R. James, Mary Howfit, Mrs. Henry Wood, and others, have constituted to its pages—the last named having written several avuel for the Pour before the review of "East Lyane" by The London Times made her famous. It afforded some amusement in the office of the Pour to see the very novels which had been published in its columns, without attractive much attention, heaught out afterwards with a great flourish of trumpets in England, and extelled in very high terms, when re-printed in this country, by the critics of the American press. "Thus runs the world away."

Though dealing mainly in light liberature, the Poer has never rought to be sensational.

world a way."

Though dealing mainly in light literature, the Poet has never rought to be sensutional, and while some of the younger papers exceed it in circulation, none are more highly estremed, or better colculated to promote the pleasure of the family circle.

To the fee sh

To the Sea-abore.

You go down pale, neuralge, depressed, feeling life an intolerable burden, exception of love, deepairing of success, fluding all pleasure but a Dea Sea apple of which you have only the sahes, having descroyed even the beaut ful outside; you wonsier how you drag on from day to night and from alght to day without falling into the pit of paralysis or the bewildering muse of unadness; and, gloomily, wearily, you senset do en to the beach and watch the waves as they come running in like old friends to greek you. You have not watched them long when you begin to feel a stirring at your heart—a timid peeping forth of placidity and content, that careful culture may in time develope into happiness. You think it would be almost a pity to die, so long as you can stand there and look on the smiling face of the mighty mother—that mother, even more loving than she who bod you, more bealing, more patient, more constant! You are m somehow to be leaing the obtractive presence of your anxisties, to be conscious of their fading into the dim ditance, whence their poiseness breath cannot reach you; and you think that purhape, after all, you can overpase that terrible mountain of deepair which has risen up so heaves-high before you, and that everything is not quite lost as yet. And so, day by dy, and hour by hour, the frash sea breeze blow away the gloomy cobwebs that have enmeshed you, and leave you freedom and contentment in their stead; till, by the time your visit is eaded, you hope again for hoppiness, and elearence to make a bold push for success. You believe in love, you hold to life, and you go back to work with clear brains and roay checks, with a glad heart and renewed ourage.

Till treaty looking to the acquisition of St. Tromas seems to be doomed. The Se-

THE treaty looking to the acquisition of St. Thomas seems to be doomed. The Se-sate Committee on Foreign Relations unanti-nously disapprove it, and their report is likely to be agreed to by the Senate. The San Domingo treaty is not so decreively dis-approved, but we may be compand small supapproved, but seems to command smail sup-port. O.e of the strongest objections made to it is that it involves an outlay that can-not be estimated. Another is that we want no more Latin population, ["Latin" is good, considering that three-fourths of the population of San Domingo is said to be negio.

Bome of the fashionable colored la

dies of New York, heighten the billiancy of their complexions by artfully arranged pieces of white court-plaster.

The Congregationalist asks: "Was it malice, fun, or wisdom which prompted the answer of a Sauday-school exp.rt, the other day, to the question, 'What is the best method of distributing library books?" Tarow nine-tenths of them out of the window?"

Tindow ?"
E'ghty-nine desen eggs, given an Illi-eis minister, at a donation visit, is called er, at a do

neis minister, at a donation visite is carred. "lay activity."

The behavior of Captain Eyre is an outrage upon humanity and a diagrace to the British flag — London Times.

The FRICTION MATCHER.—The London Quarterly Review gives 127 known fires as resulting from the spontaneous or scordental ignition of friction matcher, and aye that one of the largest London Pire Offices, speaking broadly, states that the lucifer match caus sit an annual loss of ten thou-

sand pounds!

James Freeman Clarko truly says
that "in every Christian denomination there is a minority which does not accept the creed of the body, but remains united with it because it sympathizes with its spirit and likes its methods."

likes its methods."

An enterprising journalist get into the secret session of the Ecumenical, as an Eastern bishop in full rig. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police recorted him to price. The tailor that made his bishop's robe, was sent to keep him commany.

pasy. The late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, used to say that Gov. Ritoer, of Pennsylvania, told him that he intended, in his first meanage, to recommend the exclusion from the age, to recommend the exclusion from the state of Yankee pediars, because they rold nutmers " made out of white pice and base-wood, which is good for nothing, for you know, and everybody know, dat the right kind of nutmers is made out of same-free."

Corneline O'Dowd says that in England a man meets a mervellous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere clee. "I, of course, except America," he says, "for outh us we work life at a high boiler pressure, but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves."

the valvea."

(2) William Penn made treaties of friend-hip and alliance with nineto-a distinct tribes of Indiano, who-e attachment to the Quakers has never been broken.

(3) My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefronted urchia. "She eats cold viouals, sir."

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there days,

The girl from the country, uninitiated in the mysteries of hydrante, was engaged as chambermaid by the mistress of one of our fashionable mansions; after which, going down to the kitchen, she exclained to the cook, "The lady went to the side of the room and touched the wall and out came the water—fust like schen Moses smote the rock."

the water—fuel like when Moves smote the rock."

(28 The new bonness, as a general thing, are larger than those of last season. They quite cover the top of the head, and in some of the most stylish designs the round crown is a feature. Colors are various, but modest, and flowers are used paringly.

(28 Mary Ruese I Mitford, in one of her lettere in 1890, asid: "I write marely for remuseration, and I would rather sorub floors, if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and feminine emploment."

(28 A fashionable clergyman in Chicago, warns the sinners of his congregation, that if they don't repent they will go to the "pleos of eternal uncasiness."

(28 A love-sick youth at Bridgeport, Ot., called at the house of his inamorata a day or two since, at I o'clock, A. M., and insisted upon seeing her. Being refused admitsion, he made such a fure that a policeman was sent for to remove him. As he went away he apostrophised the cruel fair one thus: "Boo-oc-hoo, you've done it now, you've done it now, Marier i"

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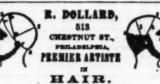
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To grow head to beck as far as lead.

L-From ear to ear over the top.

"Passed it, I fanoy."

"Passed it, I fanoy."

"Passed it, I fanoy."

To grow head of the load.

"L-From ferehead beck as far as required.

L-Over ferehead as ever the top.

"Passed it, I fanoy."

"Passed it, I fanoy."

To grow heads with accuracy.

To grow head.

"A. L-Tree round of the bead.

"A. L-From ferehead beck as far as required.

L-Over ferehead as far as required.

"L-Over ferehead as far as required.

"A. L-From ferehead beck as far as lead.

"A. D-over ferehead as far as required.

"A. D-over ferehead of the bead.

"A. D-over ferehead beck as far as required.

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Rev. Daniel March, D. D., author of "Night Noemes in the Bible," one of the most popular cooks in the language, has just completed a res hoos in the learning sparking style, to be issued on fine rose timed paper with beautiful steel engraving. 60 000 of the former work sold in a few months, and this promises to be even more popular. Clerymen, teachers, and energetic young mea and ladia wanted in every township to set as agents, on very literal terms. Send name and address for circular to ZKIGLEW, McCUKDY & CO, Philadelphia, Fa. Chesinant, Ohio, Caicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., or Springfield, Mass.

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2000

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fit and humor.

Mose Skinner in Washington

I arrived here yesterday, and went di-rectly to the White Home to see Grant. My Uncle Joshua used to take all his grand-mother's akim-milk as seglar as sould be-su I have always taken as interest in his family; and since he came into the Presi-dency. I have regarded him as a sort of adversed relative. dency, I have readopted relative.

adopted relative.

Strange as it may seem, I found the great statesman in, but he was so bustly engaged drawing up a petition to Congress to have the Capitol removed to Long Branch, that at first he didn't see me, so I spoke to him. "Well, Ulyssee, my talented Rebellion Crusher, how does she run?" said I, "Middlin'," he replied, "middlin'. Who are you?"

"Middlin'," he replied, "middlin'. Who are you?"

"Why, you ain't forgotten me?" I inquired. "Oh, Fame? what a hollow mockery thou art? And is it for this," I continued, in a Fetcher voice, "is it for this that I originated and got up a mammoth Peace Jubi ee, which excelled in its ramifications every other P. J. in the world, and invited you on purpose to draw the crowd, for I knew you were good for something, Ulyssea, and I couldn't bear to see you wasted. Oh! it is too much, a darned sight too much!" and I sunk into a tenminutes' recess by the window, utterly prostrated.

trated.

He soothed me like a petted child. Yes, with a corkscrew and a wineglass did he soothe me, and soon no trace of my deep emotion was visible, except an occasional

emotion was visible, except an occasional hicoup.

"Now tell me all about it," said he. "Is the Jubilee over yet? And how is the Coliseum; is she pretty well now?"

I told him the Coliseum was no more.

"Did she dis emay?" he inquired. "Tell me all about her last moments."

"Well," I replied, "she passed away without much pain. First, she had a severe attack of wind colic, which somewhat prostrated her, but the doctors built her up with some pisces of the Presidential sarvas, till they could draw lots to see who should put her out of her misery; then they had a post-moriem examination and found a large bug in her stomach, which I believe was the only thing that kept her alive."

"What kind of a bug was it?" he inquired.

quired. "Humbug," said I. We chutted awhile on the state of the country, and then I hauled out my recommendations for office, signed by some landing politicians for whom I have dene considerable slop-work.

"West kind of an office do you want?"

"What kind of an office do you want; he inquired.
"Weil," said I, "I ain't proud. If you've got an empty Collectorship, or a vacant Castom House that needs a guardian win would love it as he would his own flesh and blood, such an one, sir, I think I could get away with. You see, Ulyans, "said I, "my Uncle Joshua used to take all your grand-mather's akim-milk just as reg'lar as—"

mother's skim milk just as reg'lar as—"
"Oh, bother!" he replied; "I can't do
anything for you. The fact is, you must
excuse me now, sir: but any time when I'm
not at home, I should be perfectly charmed

not at home, I should be perfectly charmed to have you call. Do you stay in Washington long?" he asked.

I told him that my longevity was about five feet nine and a half in my stockings, and that I inherited it from my parents, free from any incumbrance, and it was the only thing I did inherit.

"I myself inherit shortgevity," said he; "and now, air, good-day. You will no doubt flud Washington society dull just now, on account of Lent. Do you keep Lent?" he asked.

on account of Lent. Do you keep Lent?" he asked.
"No, I don't," I replied, "but I keep barrowing, and I always thought I abould like to borrow of a President, so as to tell my grandchildren of it. A sum as paltry as seventy-fire cents would carry out my idea," said I, "if you happen to have it about you." "No," he replied, "my money keeps Lent ton."

"No," he replied, "my money keeps Lent, too."

From the White House I strolled into the Treasury building, where they turn out those pretty pieces of green paper with figures on em. I told Mr. Spinner, who was basy writing his name on a big pile of one-dollar greenbacks, that I was a Boston drammer, and if he would give me some sampics of his different styles of bills, I thought I could sell some for him. "The folks our way like your goods fust rate," said I, "but there ain't no reg'iar place where they can go and get 'cm, so the desaid I, "but there am a no registr pince where they can go and get 'cm, so the de-mand exceeds the supply. And if I should make a success of it," I continued, "why not start a branch house in Boston? I've been practising on your name for some time, and I can write it tip-top, though for the present, I am free to confess, that that last curly tail knocks me. Come, what do you ear, Spianer? Is it a go?"

curly tail knocks me. Come, what do you say, Spinner? Is it a go?"

He didn't take any notice of me at all, so I went down to the Senate chamber. They were having a very stormy discussion there about passing a bill, but I couldn't make head nor tail out of it. I suppose, though, that some Senator had been passing a counterfeit bill, and they were blowing him up about it. This was too personal to suit me, so I left,—True Flog.

The Progress of Opinion.

A Nantacket sea-captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompanied him on one of his early whaling

Sties ice was a simple-hearted, transparent Since was a simple-hearted, transparent young fellow; and, when we sailed, had been "paying attention" for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting, on her part, was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a stand-by, in default of a better offer.

I don't believe," Stiles would say, with

"I don't believe," Stiles would say, with a de-pondent shake of his bead, "I don't believe Ann Jones 'il have me, anyhow." When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles' tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed too, "Well, I don'ne but what Ann Jones 'il have me, after ali." With a thousand barrels of oil under hatchway he became still more hoof-li-



SHOCKING RESULT OF DAME VEILS.

We humbly beg this young lady's pardon (who is really rather a pretty girl,) but, being short-sighted, we positively took her for a lady of color!

When we cut up the last whale that was to fill the vessel's hold and squared away for home, Stiles threw his hat is the air with a wild Indian yell of triumph, exclaiming—" PR be darned if PR here Ann Jones, anyhore?"

An Equivocal Apology.

An Equiveral Apology.

In a certain country town lived two worthy men—neighbors and friends—but they never could agree upon political questions. In dispute one day, one of the disputants lost temper, and called the other a liar, feel, knave, and so on. This was his weakness. He easily toet self-control, then was very abusive, and then repented. On the occasion referred to be was so chagrined at the exhibition he had made of his passion, that he soon called upon his neighbor, penitent, and purposing an apology. We give, in substance, the apology:

"I am ashamed of myself for being so abusive in my talk to you. To think I should call a neighbor and friend a liar, fool, and knave! I am very sorry, and I have come te apologisc. Forgive me. I know not why it is that in my talk with you I lose my temper. But the fact is, you always talk so much like a jackass, I can't help it!"

A Lenten Amecdete.

A clerical principal of an English boarding-school for boys called his papils together at the beginning of Lent, and gave them a short lecture upon self-denial and self-sacrifice, and advised them to select some article of food with which they would dispense during the season of Lent. The boys were directed to go into a room by themselves, and, after deciding what luxury they would give up, to return to the chapel and report their decision. The boys retired, and soon returned and made the following report:

report: "RESPECTED PRINCIPAL-I have the bonor to report that your pupils have reli-giously considered the subject submitted to them by your Reverence, and have unani-mously voted to dispense with hash during the season of Lent.

HE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a on on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points abe out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something

Made of hoops, and silks, and airs; Used to decorate the parlor, Like the fancy rugs and chairs?

Every feeling that is human? If 'tis this to be a lady, Tis not this to be a

Mother, then, unto your daughter Speak of something higher far, Than to be mere fashion's lady— "Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your sou to be a true man,

Urge your daughter no less strongly To arise and be a woman. Yes, a woman! brightest model

Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman; naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame; On the catalogue of virtue There's no brighter, holier nam

Be a woman! on to duty; Raise the world from all that's low, Place high in the social heaven Virtue's fair and radiant bow That shall raise our nature human; Be not fashion's gilded lady— Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

VULGAR ERROR REGARDING TROPICAL VEGETATION.—"It is a valgar error, copied and repeated from one book to another," says A. H. Wallace, "that in the tropics the insuriance of the vegetation overpowers the efforts of man. Just the reverse is the case. Jones 'li have me, after ali."

With a thousand barrels of oil under hatchway, he became etill more boyeful"Chance is pretty good for Anu Jones," he would say, "pretty good fow."

At fifteen hundred barrels he had assumed a self-satisfied manner, and solitoquized, "I guess there's no danger but what Anu Jones 'li have me now."

At two thousand harrels—"Anu Jones 'll be giad emough to get me now, I know."

commence apon."

cfforts of man. Just the reverse sets case. Nature and the climate are nowhere so favorable to the labore, and I fearlessly assert that here the 'primeval' forest can be converted into rich pasture and meadow-lands, into cultivated fields, gardens, and orchards, containing every variety of produce, with half the labor, and, what is of more importance, in less than half the time, that would be required at home, even though there we had clear, instead of forest ground to commence apon."

Roman men usually went bareheaded, and it was thought to be a mark of effeminency to wear a hat; as a protection against bad weather they covered themselves with the upper folds of the toga. But the Roman wemen indulged in very covily head-freeze, among which we find one that proves that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the present style of bonnets. The world certainly moves in a circle, so far as fashions are concerned; and in the little hats no bigger than a man's hand that have adorwed the heads of ladies during the past few years, we have simply returned to the Roman fashion plate of eighteen centuries ago. The style of hair-dressing which we call chiggon, the Roman called tutulus. It was considered a great art to construct this properly, and females served a fixed time as apprentices in order to become expert in it.

Early Training.

An instance of early training, about which there may be some doubts, in to be found among the Barrington family records. A great-aunt of Sir Jonah, vowed to avenge the marder of her husband, who was hanged before her eyes because she would not give up her castle. Her opponents had given her the choice between aerrendering her castle and seeing her husband hanged, and she had replied with dignity to the messenger:

"Mark the words of Effanbeth Fitzgerald, of Muret Castle; they may serve for your wife on some future occasion. I wontrender my keep, and I'll tell you why. Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another castle, so I'll keep what I have."

Evidently his great-aunt was a shrewd, practical woman. The result of her answer was that in half an hour her husband was swinging before her gate. She then called up her young son and showing him his

was that in half an hour her husband was swinging before her gate. She then called up her young son, and showing him his dangling parent, made him swear vengeance on the murderers. The eath having been duly taken, she said to the servants:

"Now take the boy and duck him head over heels in the horse-pond."

Thus the oath and its consequence were fully impressed on his mind, and no sooner had he come to years of discretion than four of the hostile family were missed in one night.

"There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea cap-tain, "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no cap-tain."

AGRICULTURAL.

likely to stumble. A horse with its belly "teched in," as it is called, that is to may, guing up backwards, as in a griffin—a fault more common in certage horse than in backs—feeds and fattens bedly, and will wear out rather sooner than another. Ludies and Cookneys are a little apt to admire this chested, spindle abanked horses. Of course this is a mistake.

DOORS AND GATES.-A correspondent of DOORS AND GATER.—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture in advocating proper fastenings for open barn doors and gates, says that more than half the wear and tear of barn doors comes from slam-ming, and that when a boy he came very near being killed by a barn door which was closed with great force by a gust of wind. The cattle half knocked down the prop which had been placed against it when opened.

Difference in the Quality of Eggs. Difference in the Quality of Eggs.
The Journal of Agriculture says, though most farmers keep fowls and raise their own eggs, there are many who have not learned the difference there is in the richness and flavor of eggs produced by well fed hens, and those from birds that have been half starved through our winters. There will be some difference in the size, but far more in the quality. The yolk of one would be large, fine colored and of good substance, and the sibumen, or white, clear and pure; while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fewl, to properly while the contents of the other will be watery and meagre, as in the parent fewl, to properly carry out and complete the work nature had aketohed. In order, therafora, to have good eggs, the fewls should be well fed, and also provided, during the months they are unable to come to the ground, with a box containing an abundance of fine gravel, that they may be able to grind and prepare their food for digestion. Of eggs, those from the domestic hen are decidedly the best, but those of ducks and geese may be used for some of the purposes of domestic cookery.

Imperiance of Good Seed. Imperiance of Good Seed.

To illustrate the importance of high culture and thoroughbred seed, I will mention an instance that has come under my notice the present season. Mr. David Westsell, of Salem, has two acres of onions, to which he applied fifteen cords of muscle-mud of the the first quality, and twenty-five cords of well-rotted stable manure, measured as thrown lightly into the cart without treading, and probably equal to eighteen cords trooden. He sowed the very best quality of known thoroughbred seed on an acre and three-quarters, then sowed seed grown by a arighbor, of as good quality as the average used; not having quite enough, be hought more at a seed store to finish the field. All came up equally well. On the part seem came up equally well. On the purt sown with thoroughbre desed there is scarcely an imperfect onion, and the crop is the largest Imperfect onion, and the crop is the largest in the vicinity. On the part sown with good seed, the onions are ten days later, of inferior quality, and less quantity, and valued at twenty-five per cent less than the first. On the part sown with seed from the store, (which probably was of about the quality usually in the market,) the onions were still later, of much worse quality, and less quantity, and valued at fifty per cent less than the first. Any one walking across the field could tell at a glance, and to a row, where the different qualities of seed were sown.

Here, then, is an instance where a field of Here, then, is an instance where a field of onions, under very high cultivation, was treated every part exactly alike, except in the quality of seed sown. The thoroughbred seed yielded the value of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, more than the average quality of seed generally used by farmers who grow their own, and three hundred bushels per acre more than the average quality of seed sown in the market. This estimate is made while the crop is yet in the field, and six hundred bushels of onions, of the first quality, is not an over estimate of the product per acre from the thoroughbred seed.

seed.

I have ne doubt that the careful selection for seed, year after year, is just as important and profitable in all other vegetable and grain crops as it has been shown to be in the case of the onion crup just cited. The raising of seed may be made profitable, provided the grower conscientiously offers none for sale that is not true to description, and of the best thoroughbred quality, grown from selected stock, years in successions. grown from selected stock, years in succes-sion. A few years of such business would secure a reputation worth a forume, for seed will always sell at very high prices.—

Mr. Ware's Address at Essez Co. Fair.

RECEIPTS.

RE-COOKING COLD SALT BEEF. - The re-

Re-cooking Cold Salt Bery.—The remains of cold boiled beef are very good made into potted meat for breakfast. Half fresh meat should be used with it. Also, a conversely it may be improved by it. Practically, therefore, a horse is not likely to do more than one thing well. This extends even to its pace. The high action of a good trotter is often accompanied by a slow, rather mineing walk; but a horse that gollops well is pretty cartain to cover ground rapidly in wasking. We agree with a "know ing hand" that a "man who is a tolerable horseman had better choose a high couraged horse." A badly bred horse may be often a strong, hardy animal, but it will knock up if it is pushed, while the thoroughbred will go on till it drops.

A thoroughbred ought not to be chosen for pounding along turnpike roads, as its legs will not stand constant bammering. A coob had better be avoided, anless its history is known, as no horse is more likely to be tricky. For several reasons it is better to buy a horse under seven years old. With such a one a reliable guaranty of age can be procured, whereas the borses that are just aged, that is to say, just eight when thay come into market, occur in numbers that might build a Questelet. Again, horses are so badly u-ed and se overworked in England. As a rule, no animal that has been hacked at moch literage horses.

Re-cooking Cold beaf are very good made into potted made for breakfast. Half fresh meat should be used with it. Also, a cotact with plet makes a nice luncheou dish, made entirely of the cold beef. We have had a kind of hotch potch made of it, the beef being class and some stock to warm, and served up in a tureen.

APPLE PUDDING.—Set as much stale bread in the oven as will make a pint of crumbs. When it is brittle enough to roll, it will knock up of sugar, butter the size of an egg, melted, a little salt, and spice to your taste. Beat the butter, eggs and sogar together, and six in with them all the other ingredients.

Bare in the London Because of the called in the oven as will make

THE RIDDLER.

I am composed of 74 latters.

My 1, 70, 62, 18, 58, 20, 40, 36, 14, 50, 74, is the title of a poem by Tennyson.

My 7, 11, 17, 25, 47, 21, 73, 16, 42, 2, 49, 26, 64, 63, 69, 13, 28, is the title of a poem by Lengfellow.

My 24, 62, 67, 10, 57, 28, 45, is the title of a poem by Byron.

My 12, 25, 54, 39, 66, 42, 14, 44, 42, 56, 26, 18, 70, is the title of a poem by Pope.

My 3, 55, 28, 22, 59, 72, 63, 27, 5, 41, 60, is the title of a poem by Tupper.

My 3, 55, 28, 22, 59, 72, 63, 27, 5, 41, 60, is the title of a poem by Tupper.

My 4, 9, 43, 65, 71, 31, 59, 28, is the title of a poem by Longfellow.

My 48, 30, 8, 6, 70, 20, 64, is the title of a poem by Whittier.

My 61, 33, 40, 67, is the title of a poem by Whittier.

My 53, 17, 58, 28, 46, 3, 17, 25, is the title of a poem by Whittier.

My 37, 68, 60, 73, 57, 51, is the title of a poem by Whittier.

My 17, 88, 9, 19, 10, is the title of a poem by Whittier.

My 56, 9, 82, 21, 29, is the title of a poem

My 50, 2, oc. a., a., by Whittier. My whole is a quotation from Tennyson's immortal "Leokaley Hall." DOT AND DASH

Plaineille, Ohie.

Enigma.

I am composed of 4 letters, Strike out my first and I am need to dif-

My 4, 2, 8, expresses something con-My 4, 2, 1, 3, is used for a peculiar kind

f baking.

My whole unites—sentiment, affection, in, and punishment—all own my power.

Baltimore, Md.

EMILY.

Problem.

A farmer has a field in the form of an equilateral triangle. In this three horses are staked with ropes of equal length. The circle upon which each horse graces touches the others externally and also two sides of the field. Now in this pasture there is one acre which the horses cannot feed upon. Required—The length of the ropes and the area of the field. H. R. SPINK. An answer is requested.

"Average" Problem.

The sides of a triangle are 25, 29, and 36 feet respectively. Required—The average of the areas of all the triangles that can be formed by joining three points taken at random on the surface of the given triangle. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Eric Co., Pa.

Conundrums. Why is a prosy speaker like the mid-dle of a wheel? Ana.—Because the fellows around him are tired.

Why is a wax candle like a con-ented man? Ans.—Because it never wants

When is love deformed? Ans .- When

when is love described? Ans.—when it is all on one side.

Why is a balloon like silence? Ans.—Because it gives ascent.

What noble work have the railroad companies done? Ans.—Distributed tracks

companies due :
about the city.

The why is matrimous like a landed esstate? Ana.—It is a proper-tie.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—44 The world is grown so bad, that wrens may prey, where eagles dare not perch." CHARADE—Wheel-bar-row. Wheel, bar, row.)

NOTICE.—The answers to Problems are always to be sent to the "Riddler," but the full solutions, if desired, to the author.

BREAD CARE of every grade is good if carefully made. The regular receipt reads:
"One and a half cup of dough, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half teaspoorful of seds. Raisins and spice to suit the taste. Mix with the hands until the dough seems thoroughly worked in, adding a little more flour if the dough is thin. Let it raise half an hour. It raises slowly and but little before going into the oven." This is very nice. We have eaten it with a relish when minus eggs and raisins, and with only a tablespoorful of butter and a little clove sinamon or untrees for there.

James Freeman Clarke truly say BREAD CAKE of every grade is good if

James Froeman Clarke truly says that "in every Christian denomination the is a minority which does not accept the creed of the body, but remains united with it because it sympathizes with its spirit an likes its methods."

likes its methods."

An enterprising journalist got into the secret session of the Ecumenical, as an Esstere bishop in full rig. His Latin betrayed him, and the papal police recorted him to pri-on. Toe tailor that made his bishop's robe, was sent to keep him company.

Atter the scalp has been thus thoroughly coleaned, it is unnecessary to use any oil or pomatum whatever, as the natural secretion of the shin is sufficient. If, however, eisher dry and the skin harsh, a few tenspoonfuls of pure glycerine may be added to the re-

ceipt.

It is of great importance in washing the head, as well as in brushing or dressing it, not to pull or jerk the hair. Everything must be done gently, as violence hreaks, splits, and loosens the hairs, ultimately causing them to fall out and leave bare spots. There is a precept in hair-dressing which cannot be too widely known. It is this:—Wash the scalp, but not the hair; comb the hair, but not the scalp.

Except in diseased conditions of the skin, there is no occasion for scratching it with a

come into market, cocur in numbers that might buille a Quetelet. Again, horses are so badly used and so overworked in England, that it is quite secentain how much strength an eight or mine year horse may retain. As a rule, no animal that has been hacked at such places as Brighton or Oxford ought to be bought. After a year or two of such work the mouth is generally spoiled and the sinews of the leg gune.

Some persons coansder color an indication of temper, and distrast a bright cheestent. We believe that the rule is sound, but the ears of a horse when it is first led out, when its first led out, when it mouth is handled, when a whip is shaken near it, and when it is backed, are much better or criteria of anger no less than of fear, and are easily recognized. A horse sometimes overhange its fore legs, so to speak. This is a dangerons fanit, as the centre of gravity, being too far forward, the beast is

2000